

R V B B E,

AND

A great Cast.

EPIGRAMS.

BY

Thomas Freeman, *Gent.*

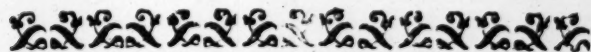
HORACE,

Lectorem delectando pariterq; monendo.



*Imprinted at London, and are to bee
sold at the Tigers Head.*

1614.



TO THE THRICE HONOURABLE, RIGHT

NOBLE, AND TRVELY VER-

tuous, his(euer to be obserued) singular

good Lord: THOMAS Lord

WINDSORE.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

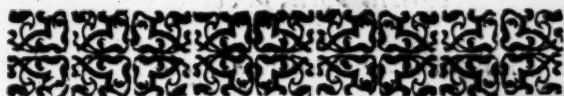
IT was much against my minde, to entitle your worthy Lordship to these worthlesse toyes, or make such a slight and Artlesse fabricke carry so faire and glorious a frontispice, as your Honorable name prefixed; yet finding it (as it is) in these daies a matter so frequent with the worst Poets (as they haue most need) to seeke out the best Patrons: collecting from their presumption a fearefull boldnesse I haue out of a reuerent zeale, and obseruance, presented to your Honour these my poore and naked labours: Poore, as being vnpolisht, and naked as they came from their mother Truth: Yet for that, (and onely but for that) beseeching a better Writer. Vouchsafe them I beseech you, your Honours wonted benigne and gracious aspect, and reade them with your accustomed candor; but for your deepe-searching iudgement, pardon me my Lord, I disclaime from that, and appeale to your partiall, and more pleasing fauour. The most part of them haue already past your Lordships priuate liking: they All jointly craue your publick protection. It is no diminution to Honour, nor disparagement to Greatnesse, to Countenance the meanest well-meaning Authour: You haue it, Cum tantis commune viris; Scipio gracing rude Ennius, and the mightiest of earths Monarks, vnskilfull Chæ-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

rilus. Nor is it derogatory to iudgement, to accept an oblation of Poems of slight subject; as Augustus of Virgils *Gnatt*: nor of bad composure; as that of the fore-named *Chærilus* to Alexander: And I shall surely beare a part of reproofe, in this ages generall Apostacy to Poesy, the rather for trading (as the world interprets it) in the courtest and commonest of it. So hardly heares the Epigram from all, the very name sticks to him like an *Inustum stigma*. But how the Commonest? in it selfe; why, there, being good (as it is no lesse) it shold be *Melius quo communius*. Is it in the Professor? yea there is the misery, it is gone, *ab Equis ad Asinos*, *Notum Lippis & Tonforibus*, & Plaid the Pithagorean pittisfully, induring most brutish transmigration, and travelld in as dirty wits as the way between Hogsdon and Hounditch, Turpe & miserable: Yet that this shold impeach the ingenuous is meere iniustice. But indeed the true cause for which the Epigram suffers, is his liberty and sincere honesty in the search and unmasking vice, hence comes it men marke him with *Fenum in cornu*, and fye off; or take the wind of him, as of one infected, Hence the world feares and consequently hates it: I could go on in iust indignation, but time is precious with your Lordship, and this is an Epistle, and not a Treatise. I therefore returne to your Honour; craning, once more, acceptance and Protection, to these (howsoever they sound, for so being) course-spun Epigrams. Howsoever my pen faile, my prayers shall not, but ever sollicite the Celestiall TRINITY, to blesse your Honour, and send you heere all, and the completest ioyes on earth, fore-runners of your future true happynesse in heaven.

Your honours most obsequiously
devoted servant.

THOMAS FREEMAN.



Regalia Vota, Precesq;.

Ad Regem Iacobum.

NOt like your *Player*, who prophanes his lips
With scurrile ieafts of some lewd ribald Play;
And after all, vpon the Scaffold skips,
And for his Sou'raigne then begins to pray:
More manerly, whilst pure, this Pen of mine
Presents hir prai'rs (great King) for thee & thine:

Pro religiosis. eruditiss. Augustiss. Rege.

WHat should I wish to that my Sou'raigne hath
But long Continuance, both of Him, and it?
Long to liue the *Defender* of true *Faith*,
Our *IOSVA Long* o're *Israel* to sit,
Long t'entertaine the *Saints* of God like *LOT*;
To be our *DAVID Long*, our *SOLOMON*;
Still keeping without blemish, without blot:
The *Fathers Zeale*, the *Wisedome* of the *Sonne*.
To these (O God) what should we pray thee giue?
But (as I said) Continuance and long date,
To liue the dayes *METHVSALA* did liue,
And after, when he falls 'ith hand of Fate:
O yet vouchsafe in mercy some delays,
To *Adde* to our good *EZECHIAS* dayes!

Manent ea fata nepotes.

Regalia vota, precesq.,

Pro Illustrissima & Serenissima Regina.

EUrope Glory, Englands greatest Good,
O! maiest thou flourish like the fruitfull Vine,
And make *Great Brittain* rich in Royall blood;
The life of all our hopes liues in thy Line:
Liue euer blessed, and be more a Mother,
And from thee may that of-spring issue forth,
That may secure their Kingdómes, conquer other,
Make all the world to wonder at their worth:
Nay, win it all, and part it too (Heau'ns smile)
As *Brutus* sonnes did once diuide this Ile.

Maneant ea fata nepotes.

Pro CAROLO

Maxima, magnæ Britannię, spei, Principe.

OVr SECOND, late; now FIRST-best, future HOPE,
Whose, in remainder, we, and thou art, ours;
What should we wish thee, but that Heau'n wide ope?
Raine downe her Blessings in abundant showres,
To make thy Parents happy; thy selfe blessed,
And we, in them, and through them, t'haue in thee
The greatest Good that euer men possessed:
Which with the Goodnesse may as lasting bee.
Long stand our *Silas*, and when he shall fall,
Be thou our *Hercules*, hold vp our Heau'n,
Our happinesse, I meane, and help vs all:
Sit at the Helme, and keepe our Ship vp eu'n;
Then take, and Long, O long keepe at the steernel
Meane time now grow in Goodnesse, Greatnesse, State,
All which thou needst not trauell farre to learne,
Nor needest but thine owne to imitate:

Thy wise and zealous Sire, thy vertuous Mother,
And, O that *Great hart*! now heau'n crownd thy brother:

Maneant ea fata nepotes.

Regalia vota, precesq̃.

Pro fulgentissima ELIZABETHA.

Greater thy Selfe, by greatest Princes sought,
On whom best Starres haue smilde their influence,
Where heau'n a Map of Miracles hath wrought,
Our glory, Natures pride, Earths excellence:
In whom alone the *Graces* liue refine,
Where *Chastitie* with more then *Cyprian*-feature,
And *Beautie* with all vertue liues conioyn'd:
O Goddess so sure! or some Celestiall Creature!
In whose whose faire face so equally doe runne
The purest Lillie-white, the Orientst red,
Like *Via lactea*, and the *Rising Sunne*.
Happy that Prince shall the faire Princess wed,
Which holy *Hymen* shall no sponer finish,
But we shall pray, That thou the blessed Bride
Mai' st with such blessed ones the World replenish,
That may hereafter help the world to guide.
And that our Royall blood more deepe root take,
As they from thee, so may from them spring other:
May thy great Father, great Grand-father wake,
And reckon their descent from thy blest Mother:
And *Englands King*, and *Queene*, may liue to see,
Their Childrens Children, Kings and Queenes to bee.

Mancant casata nepotes.

*Autor uidebat
ista ante auspici-
atists nuptias.*

*Ad excellentissimum Principem Palatinum : Illius in LeEtis-
sime Elizabetha (iam sibi coniugata) electione, Iudicium,
approbat, admiratur.*

IF as in this thrice Royall *Fredericke*,
Thy iudgement in electing still be like;
What neede the other Six or stand on seuen?
Why not the whole to whom the *Chiefe* is giuen?
Indeed, what needed any other Voice?
The World might put his life vpon thy *Choyce*.

*Quia principa-
lis Elector,*

Pro

Regalia Vota, Proceſſus.

Pro Nobilitate Britannica.

GRue, for your Council, great, for place and Blood,
O you Arch-Columbes of our Common-wealth!
You truly wiſe, religious, Noble, good.
Who doth not wiſh all happineſſe, all health,
With Neſters yeares, your Honours to attend,
Is not the Kings, is not his countries friend.

Pro Domino ſuo Honoratiſſimo Domino Windeſor.

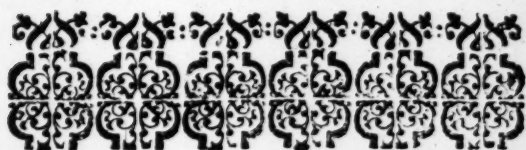
And now, more properly to pay his vowes,
He comes to you (his noble Lord & Maſter);
Whoſe life, for you, is but a debt he owes,
Whoſe prayers, could they keepe off all diſaſter,
And make you bleſt, there ſhould breathe in our ſtate,
No Lord more happy, leſſe unfortunate.

Liber ad Lectorem de Authore ſuo.

Exo: ſed quid ſi, quamvis Liber ex eo parvus,
Parvus in hac magna plurimus urbe ferar.
Paule, meum Titulum tua laeva quique tenebit.
Harebit multis pagina prima locis.
Lector & exurgens leget, atque inquiret eundo
Esque habes talem Bibliotheca librum:
Inventum petens pretium, perſolvit, abitque,
Et modo mercator perlegit uſque locos.
Quisquis, & O quisquis, lepidiſſimus (inquit) ex autor
Poſt multos multis anteferende venis:
Laudibus ad Cælum vehimur, Dominuſque, Liberque,
Sedulus hunc laudat, Me ſine fine legit.
Ne cui ſit mirum? Cui non placere lepores?
Rarus amat Lector ſeria, quiſque, ſolos.

Quare Rub & Rūn;

Sphera mihi; Chamaus, Mundi ſunt crimina, Nodi.
Ipſe ſed eſt mundus, Spheromachia mihi.
Sine manere iubēs, Lector, ſeu currere ſphærat.
Luſori pariter, chive maneq; placent.



Rub and a great Cast.

Epigram I.

Lectori quomodo legat.

REader remember that I doe fore-warne thee,
Pry not into the secrets of my Pen,
See not; if thou seest ought, that seemes to harme thee,
Wrong not thy selfe; if I doe, blame me then:
Looke on, laugh on, and if I touch thy grieve,
Or tell the fault wherein thou hast bene filthy,
Let not thy knowledge cause thy mis-beliefe,
I name thee not, what need'st thou then cry *Guilty*?
The Cholericke descry their owne offence,
When like a gald-backt Iade scarce touch't they wince.

EPIGRAM. 2.

Me quoque vatem.

VVHy am I not an *Epigrammatist*?
I write in couert, and conceale their names,
Whose liues I burden with some bitter iest,
Themselues I cloake, and yet vn-clowd their shames.
Againe, me thinkes I am not shallow sprighted,
Nor seemes my wit to insufficient
B (Although

Rub and a great Cast.

(Although not like to others deepe-conceited)
It can indite, although not excellent.

The Reader laughs, this reason he rehearſes,
The Ape likes her owne whelpes, and I my verſes.

EPIGRAM. 3.

In Richardum primum, Regem.

GREATER then great *Aleides* thee did grace,
The Lyons Heart, and not the Lyons Caſe.
Richard is corde, Hercules exuvius Leonis geſtiens.

EPIGRAM. 4.

O Tempora ! O Mores !

*Mibi ſi lingue
centum, oraque
centum, ſerrea
rox eſſet.
Virg.*

HAD I an hundred mouthes, as many tongues,
An Iron voyce ; then ſhould this Iron Age
Be mou'd, or I would thunder out their wrongs,
And breath out boyſterous accents full of rage.
I would inueigh againſt ſowle *Uſurers*,
As thoſe that live by cauſing others wants,
I would deſie the filthy *Flatterers*,
That ſhew themſelues diſſembling *Sycophants*.
The *Lawyer* too my lauiſh tongue ſhould laſh,
And *Avarice* ſhould not avoid the ſcourge,
And with the Courtier would I haue a craſh :
And moſt of all the *Atheiſt* would I vrge.
Yea euery one (as euery one is faulty)
Should bide the brunt of my all-biting tongue,
It ſhould be no excuſe t' alledge their frailty,
Suffiz'd, they ſin'd, and I muſt tell the wrong.

Yet wel I wot, when words had done their worſt
Lewd men (like *Foxes*) fare beſt when th' are curſt.

EPIGRAM

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 5.

In Bacchum.

O Fall the old Gods *Bacchus* is the best,
And hath more fellowship then all the rest:
They haue their habitations on hye,
He loues not soaring so ambitiously;
For lofty dwelling he cares not a louse,
He likes the lowest part in all the house;
Each Cellar is his *Amphitheater*,
And is content to be compound with water,
And liues as earst *Diogenes* hath done,
Th'one in a *Tubbe*, the other in a *Tunne*.

EPIGRAM. 6.

In Superbum.

Sperbus sold a gallant Mannor place,
Himselfe with a new-fashion'd sure to grace.
Meant he himselfe an Elephant to make,
In carrying such a Castle on his backe.

EPIGRAM. 7.

In Castorem.

C^Astor complaines hee's mightily mis-vfed,
That he a Man, should beast-like be cornuted:
Content thee *Castor*, thou art not abused,
Eu'n *Ioue* himselfe was such a one reputed.
He horn'd, the better to beguile his Ioue;
Thou horn'd, the more thy Ioue beguileth thee:
Europa's carriage caused hornes in *Ioue*,
And thy wiues carriage causeth thine to be;
Onely in this thou hast him ouer-gone,
In that thy wife bare many, he but one.

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM 8.

In Mustapham.

Mustapha still amongst his company
Swears *Wounds* and *bloud* how he will be reuenged
On such a one for his late villany,
Whom then, but for intreaty, he had swinged.
I heard him once tell such a tale as this,
Whereas by chance the party came in place;
Loe, whom he vovd to kill, he bowd to kisse,
Him with much curt'sie crouching to embrace.
Happy the man that had so milde a foe,
Who absent, kil'd him; present, kist him so.

EPIGRAM 9.

Nec retinent patula, &c. In Garrulitatem.

Nay, to keepe counsell, this our Age excels,
To *Lagus* one a thing in secret told,
This to his friend in secret *Lagus* tels,
The which his friend to tell, his friend is bold;
In secret too; that friend vnto another,
Who makes a Mid-wife of the next he meetes
To tell his secret to; each makes a brother
Lightly on whomsoever next he hits.
Thus all abroad this secrecie is blowne,
And yet in secret told to euery one.

EPIGRAM 10.

In Fimmo.

Fimmo is Coach'd, and for his further grace
Doth aske his friends how he becomes the place;
Troth I should tell him the poore Coach hath wrong,
And that a Cart would serue to carry dong.

EPIGRAM

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 11.

In Goslingum Puritanum Predicatore.

Gosling the Puritan held so excellent,
Ner'e quoteth *Father*, ner'e speakes *Latine* sentence,
Indeed the Scriptur's all-sufficient,
As he being aske told one of his acquaintance,
But wee who know him, know the cause was rather
He ner'e learn'd *Latine*, neuer read a *Father*.

EPIGRAM. 12.

In Photinum.

I Met *Photinus* at the Chancelors Court,
Cited (as he said) by a knaue Relator:
I askt him wherefore, he in laughing sort,
Told me it was but for a Childish matter,
How er'e he laught it out, he lyed not,
Indeed 'twas *Childish*, for the *Childe* he got.

EPIGRAM. 13.

Quorvis ab demens?

London's progresse.

WHy how now *Babel*, whither wilt thou build?
I see old *Holborne*, *Charing-crosse*, the *Sirand*,
Are going to *S^t. Giles* his in the field;
Saint *Katerne* she shakes *Wapping* by the hand:
And *Hoggesdon* will to *Hy-gate* ere't belong.
London is got a great way from the streame,
I thinke she meanes to goe to *Islington*,
To eate a messe of *Straw-berries* and *Creame*.
The Citty's sure in *Progresse* I surmise,
Or going to reuell it in some disorder
Without the *Walles*, without the *Liberties*,
Where she need feare nor *Mayor* nor *Recorder*.
Well, say she do; 'twere pretty, but 'twere pkty
A *Middlesex Baylis* should arrest the Citty.

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 14.

In Rufum.

P*R*isum to Rufum for some filthy vsage
Did send a challenge by a peeuish boy,
The boy he beat that brought so bold a message
But *No point* field would *Rufus par ma foy*:
So haue I seene a dog oft bite the stone,
And not the man, by whom he sees it throwne

EPIGRAM. 15.

In Crantorem.

C*R*antor the Citizen long in dispaire,
For twenty yeares his barren wife teem'd not,
And now that shee hath brought him forth an Heire,
He's frolicke and a ioyfull man God wor.
Alas poore foole how vainely he reioyces
'Tis none of his if 't go by most of voyces.

EPIGRAM. 16.

In Poetastrium & amicam suam putricem.

M*Y* little *Litteratus* hath a Squall,
A limned one, whom he doth Mistrresse cal:
They eat, drink, talk, and laugh, and lye together,
And lawfull 'tis, and 'tis allow'd to either.
The reason is (who so desires to know it)
His Mistrresse is a painter, hee a Poet.

Pictoribus atq. poetis quilibet, &c.

EPIGRAM. 17.

In Herfiliu.

H*E*r^{filius} the Barber-Surgeon
Hates *Lucy* cause shee barbeth many one

And

Rub and a great Cast.

And them so artificially doth trimme
That they need neuer more be shau'd by him:
This is the cause *Herfilius* doth hate her
But would the foolish man well weigh the matter
How 'tis his profite that shee plaies the Barber
His heart gainst her would no such hatred harbor:
What though she makes him loose a lowly science,
Shee fits his Surgery with fatter Clients,

EPIGRAM. 16.

Of Tobacco ashes.

Tobacco for a *Phoenix* Will doth prize
Such vertues from the ashes of it rise:
His instance; Hee his whore and horse doth make
It scour'd her teeth, it skind his skabby backe.

EPIGRAM 19.

In Leonatus.

THe filthiest, the fowlst-deformed lasse
That is, will bee, I thinke or euer was
Leonatus loues, wherewith should shee him draw,
Except as she's like iet, he be like straw.

EPIGRAM. 20.

In Cosmus.

Aske *Cosmus* why he is a Gentleman,
Hee tels what seruices his fire hath seene,
As when victorious *Henry* Bolleine wanne,
And when King *Phillip* tooke *S. Quintius* in:
His Vnkle was at th'rising in the North,
And did at *Tilbery* good reckoning cary;
Aske of himselfe he can bring nothing forth;
But thinkes their deeds, are his, hereditary?
And say he be a Gentleman therefore

Because.

Rub and a great Cast.

Because he beares their Image and their name
Hee is but like the Asse that *Isis* bore;
They honour got hee vnder-goes their fame,
And bearing thus what others brought to passe,
Hee's but his Fathers and his Vnkles Asse.

EPIGRAM. 21.

Sic transit Gloria.

PRide, and the Court; you make vs too vnthrifty;
Buy coach and horse: but what's the end of all,
What cost an hundred, sell againe for fifty,
And then my Gallants from their Chariots fall:
Fore-time, but fabled of one *Phaeton*
You make ours testify of many one.

EPIGRAM. 22.

In Hylam puerum immaturè mortuū.

HYLus a child, and dead, how should it come?
Surely his threed of life was but a thrum,

EPIGRAM. 23.

In Castricem.

SEe, see, what loue is now betwixt each fist;
Since *Castricem* had a skabby wrist,
How kindly they lye clawing one another
As if the left hand were the right hands brother.

EPIGRAM. 24.

In Marthum.

HOW oft haue I heard *Martha* make her boast
How she her husband vsde before she had
How palpably his patience she crost, (him,
In plainer termes too what a Calfe she made him,

What

Rub and a great Cast.

What since I heare not, but 'tis shrewdly ghest
The Calfe is since become a horned beaft.

EPIGRAM. 25.

In Selinum.

They say *Selinus* writes exceeding well,
Till he of *Bacchus* grape too deeply tast,
For then is his *Minerva* quite displast,
How contrary to that which Poets tell,
Of *Iones* strange breeding, stranger nursing vaine,
Selinus wit is breecht when wine's in's braine.

EPIGRAM. 26.

In duos ebrios.

Faber and *Frankus* I you both commend,
For both you will be drunken with a friend:
'Twas *Thesens* and *Perithous* amity,
So went they both to hell for company:

EPIGRAM. 27.

Ad quosdam florentes quondam, iam miseros & con-
querentes commilitones suos.

VVhy shew you mee, my (whilome happy) mates
The ouergrowne infirmities that grieue you,
Wo's mee to see your so-much altered States:
I can lament, but I can not relieue you.
Think'st thou *Wat* I can cure the curelesse gout?
Can *Iames Scyatticke* hips hope helpe of mee?
Dicke dropfy-ale-puft flesh stands swelling out,
I can recouer none of all you three:
And *Rafe*, the pox may eate into thy bones,
And thou remaine remedileffe for mee:
Nor leprous *Lacke* be freed from scabs: at once
I can helpe none of you in no degree:
For first I'me no Physition at all,
And Poore, I cannot build an Hospitall.

C

EPIGRAM.

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 28.

Videntur & non sunt.

SOME men go braue and some againe go bare
When neither of them seeme the men they are,
I know rich lads go patcht in leather pelts,
And hood their heads vnder some greasy felts:
Again I know some silke lads, coinelesse euer,
Beare high their heads in some fresh colour'd Beuer,
And siluer-shooc-strings ore their toes do weare
Such shooc-strings as a man may safely sweare
Are better then their purse-strings, ten to one,
For they can show some siluer, these can none.

EPIGRAM. 29.

Velle paupertatis sua.

IT is strange, now I am poore what I would do,
What Hospitals what *Alms-houses* vpreare;
Build *Upton-bridge* in *Worcester-shire* anew; (*Spire*;
Giue toplesse *Pauls* one more sky-threatning
Bring *Thames* to *Oxford*, *Wye* into *North-wales*,
Trent to *Northampton*, *Seauern* into *Trent*,
Axon to *Seauern*; All to carry Sailes
Quite from the sea into the Continent:
Helpe *Widd-wes*, *Orphanes*, *Maymed*, and the *Poore*,
With *Wadum* build a Colledge for the godly;
Erect (so farre surpassing all before)
A *Library* with all praise-worthy *Books*;
Make a huge chaine from *Doner* reach to *Callis*
For to secure all passengers for *France*,
Free *Bond-slaves*, ransom *Captiues* from the *Gallies*,
All honest *Sea-wracks* *Marchants* re-advance.
Nay more, what Learned *Bacon* left vndone,
Engirt Great *Brittaine* with a *Brazen Wall*:
On thousand good deeds now my mind doth run
Now I can nothing, now I would do all

I can

Rub and a great Cast.

I can so little and would do so much,
Sure I am too well giuen, to grow rich.

EPIGRAM. 30.

Arcades ambo.

I Ack and Dick both with one woman dealt,
So long till she the Paines of women felt:
Now Dick, he thinks to put a tricke on Iack,
And Iack againe to hang it on Dick's backe:
Which got the childe, it makes't a doubtfull case,
It hath so like (they say) Iacks nose, Dicks face:
But by both marks, my iudgment should be quick
Et vitula in dignus, Iack & hic.

*Hic usurpat
pro Dick, inquit
busdam paucibus
Anglia.*

EPIGRAM. 31.

In Rich ardum.

AT three go downes Dick, doffs me off a pot,
The English Guster's Latin for his throat.

EPIGRAM. 32.

In Marcellum.

M Arcellus if you marke how he doth go
Is nothing else but imitation,
By his apparell you can hardly know
What Countriman he is, or of what Nation,
For note you him; he wears a Spanish felt,
A French-craw'd Doublet, and a Dutch deep Slop:
A Turkey Blade, a Crosse-bar'd Irish Hilt,
Hangers guilt-wrought with Indian pearle a top,
And girdle too, wherein (ware the stabbado)
His Poyniard in a swaggering skarfe is got:
His Stocking filke of Naples or Granada,
His Garter tyed with a Switzers knot,
Beside a long French locke, a Sarazens head,
A big Gades Beard, a grim Smartruitres looke:
By these what Countriman, who can aread?
Nay of what Country may hee not bee tooke?

C 2

Sure

Rub and a great Cast.

Microscopist.

Sure if a man a ~~microscopist~~ bee,
Marcellus seems that little world to mee.

EPIGRAM. 33.

In Anam.

Not trades, yet will she not bee called whore,
 Nor Pet nor Puncke, but call her Curtezan:
 Shee takes it kindly and conceives no more,
 But 'tis as much to say as courteous *Anne*.
 A thing in these our daies to wonder at,
 A *Catholike* not know t'quivocat.

EPIGRAM. 34.

Quot bipedes anyum.

Vhat ordinary Gallants now but goes
 On *Spanis* leather haltred with a Rose,
 Circling with gold, or silver-spangled lace:
 'Tis strange how times have altered the case.
 Lesse cost, then's now bestow'd on either foote,
 Did buy *K. William Rufus* a whole sute.

EPIGRAM. 35.

In Christophorum.

Kiss conscience shal ne're bring him introuble
 'Tis like an Oser any way 'twill double:
 And for the oath, no touching of him there,
 You shall haue him, what you will haue him, swear:
 Nor for Religion; for to tell you true,
 Hee's neither of the Old nor of the New.

EPIGRAM. 36.

In Lucium motionem.

Luscus, that *Minotaur* thy monstrous wit,
 Lies in that lowly *Laberinth* thy head,
 So close as no Art can discover it,
 Now whilst th'art living, nor when thou art dead.

Alonger

Rub and a great Cast.

A longer threed then *Ariadnes* twine,
Shall ner'e finde wit in that same pate of thine.

EPIGRAM. 37.

In Metellum.

M*etellus* vowd a voyage into *France*,
To learne the language, and be *Frenchifide*,
But he found out a neerer way by chance:
For in a vaunting house as he did ride,
Of his pretence in part he was posselt.
For there his *Gemius* did so well apply him,
That she with whom his conf'rence did consist,
Eu'n as she spet, her breath did *Frenchifie* him.
Surely I can but wonder how the wench,
That neuer knew to speak, should spet out *French*.

EPIGRAM. 38.

In Stilponem.

Coward *Stilpo*, often dar'd to fight,
Still puts it off with pretty odde excuses,
He feares not any living by this light,
But he shewes reason wherefore he refuses:
The little man too much his vndermatch,
T'imbrue his sword, his bloud is too too base.
The Eagle scornes the silly Flie to catch:
The Mouses death's the Elephants disgrace:
One like himselfe of equall strength and making;
O'twere a prey fit for his Lyons paw,
But should he kill him, he were in wise taking,
He feares not him; marry he feares the law:
Nor will he answer euery idle *Jacke*.
Stilpo is rich, and he hath much to lose,
Th'other perhaps in penury and lacke,
Growes desperate, and cares not how it goes.
Thus Law or Fortune, or too niggard Nature,
Begets excuses for his cowardize.
The strong, the poore, the man of little stature,
He dares with all, daring with none (more wise.)

Rub and a great Cast.

Surely by this I see, and seeke no furdur,
Silpo keepes one Commandement, *Does no more*.

EPIGRAM. 39.

In Demetrium.

STarke drunke, *Demetrium* word is: *Hee'l stand too*,
When he hath neither yfe of hand nor foot,
But iostles this, and shoulders vp that wall,
And stands to nothing, yet hee'l stand to all.

EPIGRAM 40.

In Swadde.

S*Wadde's* in Commission, yet but beares the name,
For all the roaft is ruled by his dame,
Sh'examines, bailes, bindes ouer, and releases,
Remits and Mittimusleth whom she pleases,
To all that come to him for wrongs redresse,
His wifes the Iustice, he but of the peace.

EPIGRAM. 41.

In Spurius.

I Wonder on't, *Apelles* when he painted
The rare perfections of the *Gracian* Dame,
Himselfe with sight of many faire acquainted,
And stole some grace from euery one that came.
And *Spurius*, is it possible thy mother,
Helpt with the workmanship of many one,
Who had, besides the sight of sundry other,
Should bring forth thee such an ill-shap'd sonne?
But her confusion did as much portend,
'Twould proue some lumpish *Chaos* in the end.

EPIGRAM. 42

In eundem.

THat thou art monstrous most of any other,
The reason to proceed herence I gather,
That hauing such a strumpet to thy mother,
The monster *Multitude* became thy Father.

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 43.

To all good subiects.

YOU rich, your royall, loyall hearts reueale,
 Not grudging when your grations Soueraigne sends,
 Nor at a *Non-plus* for a *Fringes* scale,
 But when your Prince (like *Cyrus*) tries his friends,
 Make you your Prince, with *Cyrus* to approue,
A Kings Exchequer is his subiects loue.

EPIGRAM. 44.

In Caspium.

C*aspia* the decrepit old rich Croot,
 Whose face (th' antiquity of time bewraying)
 Is riuel'd like a ruffled summer Boot;
 Shee that's in all things, but in wealth, decaying:
Caspia, that same fowle deformed Fub's,
 Who neuer needs feare coughing out her teeth,
 (For she hath none, but a few Holly-stubs)
 She that should think of nothing now but death;
 Maugre th'imperfections of her Age,
 She will with *Tubrio* the yong gallant wed,
 And linke herselfe to him in marriage.
 What shall we say next day when she is dead?
 That this old foole did that yong fellow take,
 Him not her *Husband*, but her *Heire* to make.

EPIGRAM 45.

*Bis duo notant quae non possunt remocari,
 Virginitas, Tempus, Verbum dictumq; Voluptas.*

S*Cantus* his life voluptuously hath led;
Ruffinus tongue hath walk't immodestly;
Lusilla she hath lost her maiden-head;
 And *Thuscus* spent his time in vanity:
 But now the *Blacks Oxe* treadeth on their feet;
 They find their faults, and 'gin to feare their fate,

*Voluptas.
 Verbum.
 Virginitas.
 Tempus.*

And

Rub and a great Cast.

And like the *Troians* they haue after-wit,
And would be wise when now it is too late :
For who can call back *Words* already spoken,
Lost time, past Pleasure, Virgin-bands once broken?

EPIGRAM. 46.

In Dol pregnantem.

DOl learning *Propria quæ maribus* without-booke,
Like *Nomen crescentis genetimo* doth looke.

EPIGRAM. 47.

In Oxoniam.

*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus videt. Horat. Od.*

Englands faire *Athens*, *Touths* thrife happy *Nurse*,
Natures refiner, *Learnings* Consistory,
Refuge whereto the *Muses* haue recourse,
And where to be the *Graces* chiefly glory :
Pardon thy Pupils high-presuming pen,
That dares thy praise ambitiously aduenter,
"Each little streame repaies the Ocean
His borrowed waues, and doth the sea re-enter :
My selfe with like gratuity incenst,
Returne to thee (from whom it first sprang forth)
That little wit that heretofore thou lentst,
To legend out thy true deserued worth.
But out alas, what rellish hath my riming,
It can but be a blemish to the breeder,
And I shall be controuled for high climbing,
Me thinkes I heare already from the Reader;
Who telles me, in my talking thus so boldly,
"Better be silent, then commend so coldly.

EPIGRAM 48

Ad eandem. Desiderium in discessu.

At natale solum placet omnibus : optat Vlysses,
Fumantes Ithacæ posse videre domos :

Cuius

Rub and a great Cast,

*Cuiq; placet Natale solum, mihi displicet tui;
 Horreoq; in Patria solus ego esse mea;
 Ipsamq; inuitus repero: sic perfidus olim
 Dicitur ad patrios, Hannibal esse Lares.
 Cur fugimus patriam, si causam quaerimus, ad m;
 Illum amor Italix, me tenet Oxoniæ.*

Anglice.

EAch man his Country loues: *Vlysses* wish
 Was to see *Itbacks* smoke (smoke little worth)
 Each cares for Countrey; I care not a rush,
 I loath to liue where I was first brought forth.
 Now goe I home, as *Hannibal* once went,
 To native *Affrick*, sad and discontent.
 We hate our *Countries*: would you needs know *why*?
 My loue is *Oxford*; His, was *Italy*...

EPIGRAM. 49.

In Salium.

When *Salium* takes the pen in hand, he bragges;
 Hee'rowze his wit to raise the praise of ragges;
 And writes such verses as stand men in steed,
 For *Triny* bisnesse rather then to read.
 Now pray you when the paper lies bestr—
 How are ragges raised by his rowzing wit?

*Quia ex lacer
 pannu fit pap.
 rus.*

EPIGRAM. 50.

In Flanium.

When *Flanium* once would needs praise *Tin*,
 His braine could bring no reasons in,
 But what his belly did bethinke,
 Platters for meate, and Pots for drinke.

EPIGRAM. 51.

In Uirginem.

Vertue we praise, but practise not her good,
 (*Athenian-like*) we act not what we know;

D

So

Rub and a great Cast.

So many men do talke of *Robin Hood*,
Who neuer yet shot arrow in his bow.

EPIGRAM. 52.

In Ebrios.

Bacchum.

WHy *Drunkards* should be so improuident,
And yet so often drinke a *Deity*:
To proue the cause I know no Argument,
But that they surfet in satiety.

*etiam meliſ ni-
mum ingratū.*

Hony, how wholesome, and how full of pleasure,
And yet how hurtfull taken out of measure?

EPIGRAM 53.

In Crispinum.

C*rispinus* giues, where gifts he looks for greater,
This kindnesse shewes him but a kinde of Cheater.

EPIGRAM. 54.

In Petum.

P*etum* dying, cozend *Atrapos*,
She should not cut his vitall threed in two,
His *Sborduch* Saint a fairer fate bestowes,
She did as much as destiny could doe;
Yet not by cutting (for she vs'd no knife)
But by the burning of the threed of life.

EPIGRAM. 55.

In duos litigiosos.

F*icus* hath three-farthings-worth of wrong
Done to him by his neighbour *Clunnico*,
For which he vowes to be reueng'd ere long;
That to make good, to law he meanes to goe:
And *Clunnico*, as stubborne, will not shrinke
What ere it cost: by this the Lawyer's feed,
Who nimble purses their dis-powched chinke,
And hearts them both, that they be not agreed:

They

Rub and a great Cast.

They (like two dogges) lye fighting for the bone,
The which a third, the *Lawyer*, seeds vpon.

EPIGRAM. 56.

In Embriom.

TRowyee who lately to the warres is gone?
The neither wise nor warlike *Embriom*:
There if perhaps he happily atcheeue
What we haue now no reason to beleeeue;
And that his valors vnexpected prooffe,
Be to his Countries and his owne behoofe.
Thus in my rimes his name I will inroll,
Los here the Goose that sau'd the Capitoll.

EPIGRAM 57.

London is like to haue no more strong Beere,
All long of my *Lord Mayor* as we heare:
His brother rather may the cause be thought,
That so much water to the Towne hath brought.

*Aqua ductus
per Magistrum
Middletonum
omnium, (qui
unquam sue-
runt) ciuitatis
utilissimus.*

EPIGRAM 58.

Proh dolor.

THe 17 Prouinces are all at peace:
Alas good Souldiers, it boots not now,
The military Science to professe,
You must come home, and liue the Lord knowes how:
Like to haue small reliefe, but too much Law,
And hang'd, if but for taking of a straw.

EPIGRAM. 59.

In Mashonem.

THough great mens houses make it knowne,
How *Buckes-hornes* stand the hall in steed,
To hang vp Hats and Caps vpon;
Yet euery where there's no such need:

Rub and a great Cast.

For what needs it in *Mathos* hall?
His head, his hornes, may serue for all.

EPIGRAM. 60.

Dum Spiritus hos regit artus.

OF all the letters in the Cris-crosse row,
I loue the *W*. why? if you'l know;
It doth begin two names, I would be loth
For too much boot change either of them both:
The first I *serue*, *loue*, *honour*, and *attend*,
The other is my *Kinsman*, and my *Frend*.

EPIGRAM. 61.

In Clitum.

THat *Clitus* is become so melancholly,
Nor losse of goods, nor death of friends doth cause it,
But his *Prisapus*, fired by his folly,
He is in feare he shall be forc'd to loose it:
He heard such newes from the Physician,
It must be sau'd by Circumcision.

EPIGRAM. 62

Consanguinis suo Febricitanti.

TWO contraries (Philosophy sayes) neuer,
At one time can in one selfe-subiect be,
Yet note but the condition of the feuer,
And 'tis a false position we see;
Which strangely doth conioyn mere opposites,
And extreame cold t' excessiue heate visites.
Which (like two struggling twiwnes within one wombe)
By struing, so our vitall powers distort,
As both our strength and senses quite benumme,
Distaste our pallats, make vs *All a-Nerv*,
Our bodies of all faculties displace,
And makes our braines to run the wilde-goose chase.
Cozen, to you these lines I need not write,
Who haue the practise, mine's but speculation,

I do

Rub and a great Cast.

I do but tell; you, feele the *Agues* might
Would you were lesse acquainted with her fashion.

Yet to your comfort, I haue heard it euer,
,, No Physicke for the body to the feuer:
Which though it bring it to some little weaknes,
It purgeth choller, swageth swelling tumours,
Cuts off the causes of ensuing sickenes,
Rarefies fleame, and for all ill-bred humours,
Phlebotomy, nor purging, nor the Bath,
Haue halfe the healthfull power th' *Ague* hath:
Besides that it the stomacke doth restore,
Reformes digestion, concocks crudities,
Repaires the faculties impair'd before;
Yet for all these, and more good properties,
I thinke you could bee well contented yet,
And I could rather wish you rid of it.

EPICRAM. 63.

Vive tibi. Eidem.

Looke to thy selfe, and learne to liue at home:
Haue fellowship henceforth with few or none,
See, see, to what a passe the world is come,
Friendship abides not, bee thy fortunes gone,
Be thou like Winter that like Sommer wast,
The Swallowes flie that flockt before so fast:
Friends swim, like fishes, as the streame doth run,
And like slye serpents lurke in fairest greene,
They onely reuerence the rising Sunne,
Scarfe looking to'ards him, when he doth decline;
'Tis wealth preferues good will, that from thee taken,
Thou that wast followed shalt be soone forsaken:
Nay marke eu'n now; the very Bird of loue,
Betakes her selfe vnto the fairest building;
And her owne home abandoneth the *Dome*,
If once she sees it ruinous and yeelding,
No maruell then, though faith faile in the triall,
When loues true Turtle is turn'd thus disloyall.

*Fugiant ad can-
didam cellam Co-
lumbæ.*

Rub and a great Cast.

This vile *Hart-gnawing Vultur-Age* then flye,
 Feed not the Hounds whose teeth may after teare thee,
 Let not the serpent in thy bosome lye,
 Lest stinging, thou repent he lay so neere thee:
 Be thine owne neighbour; and be this thy doome;
 To looke vnto thy selfe, to liue at HOME.

EPIGRAM. 64.

In iactabundum gentis suae

Tell me no more what trophies were erected,
 By those, from whom thy *Gentry* tooke deriuing,
 Show me their vertues that made them respected,
 If they, as yet, bee in their sonne suruiuing:
 'Tis not enough, 'tis herit any man,
 To reckon from *Cornutus* thy descent,
 From *Nasica*, or Nobler *African*,
 If vertue bee not in th'hereditament;
 Or say; 'tis credit to bee come of them;
 'Tis more dishonour when thou shalt digresse,
 And proue a bad stalke of so braue a stemme,
 Disabling thy birth in thine vnworthinesse:

Transl. sum ex I would *Thersites* had begot thee rather,
Inuental: And thou proue like *Patroclus* worthy friend,
 Then that *Achilles* should haue beene thy father,
 And thou to proue *Thersites* in the end:
 „No fathers deeds can dignify the sonne,
 Nor can we call that ours, we haue not done.

*Qua non fecimus ipsi
 Vix ea nostra voco.*

EPIGRAM. 65.

In Richardum.

Dick will to wiuing, and a whore will wed,
 Ware hornes; a wager, whether will haue more
 A *Tanners* backe-side (*Richard*) or your head,
 Or *Scot* of *Fleet-streete*, though he haue such store:

Dick

Rub and a great Cast.

Dick were your hornes as visible as they,
I hold my life it were an euen Lay.

EPIGRAM. 66.

*In pestem, Oxonium a duobus Gallis allatum
anno. 1609.*

Oxford's infected, and the French-men brought it,
The Pox to bring the plague, who wold haue thought
I should haue said, nay more, I should haue swore it, (it,
The Pox had beene a *Supersedeas* for it.
Good Towne; for thee (for thee I euer loued)
I wish the Prouerb had not beene disproued.

EPIGRAM. 67.

Epitaph. feneratoris.

VVith vsury and common harmes,
Here he lies that purchast Armes;
Earth presse softly, wormes forbear,
'Tis a Gentleman lies heere,
Hee and all that so heape good,
Needs they must be men of bloud.

EPIGRAM. 68.

In liuorem.

ENuy did aske mee for her Epigram,
I flatly answered she should haue none:
But if that for her Epitaph shee came
I would haue willingly bestowed one:
Think 't thou Ile dye (qd. she) I must suruiue,
So long as any shall bee left aliue:
Pascitur in uinis.

EPIGRAM. 69.

Candida simplicitas.

A poore man at the Tauerne was in place,
Where his Attorney told his Clients case

Vnto

Rub and a great Cast.

Vnto another; Lawier-like the while,
 Naming but *Iohn a Noxe*, and *Iohn a Side*,
 And, quoth th'Attorney, you must vnderstand,
 This *Iohn a Noxe* is owner of the Land:
 The poore man present, could not but reply,
 Not *Iohn a Noxe*, and't please you sir, 'tis I.

EPIGRAM. 70.

A Free-man.

A *Kings-Bench* fits not such as I
 And *Lud* your *Gate* is built too hy,
 And yet my credite shall not *Flee*
 'Tis better then two *Conniets* yet:

EPIGRAM. 71.

Adorans substantiam et orans imaginem.

I Loue my *Soueraigne* as good Subiects should,
 I'de haue my *Soueraigne* as rich Subiects would:
 Himselfe; why no: but by a second course
 I would his picture alwaies in my purse.

EPIGRAM. 72.

Dij votis aspirate meis.

All prayers for *Iacobus* are, but mine's,
 Both for *Iacobus* and for *Iacobines*.

EPIGRAM. 73.

In Cinna.

So long as *Cinna* holds his peace, he's tooke,
 To bee a *Wise-man*, onely for his looke,
 But he no sooner speakes, but men disery him,
 And find his countenance did 'oule belye him:
 Were *Cinna* dumbe, he had a hapy turne,
 Or if to hold his peace he could but learne;
 „ Silence in most shoves wit, in *Fooles* alone
 It makes men think th'haue some when they haue none.

EPI-

Rub and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 74.

In Critonem vociferantem.

Good-man (quoth a) knowing who I am,
My wealth might teach thee vse another name:
Good-man, hart; I can hardly forbear thee,
Sweete Maister Crito pardon; now I heare thee,
Why this at first had pleas'd mee; well 'tis past,
Remember next your words be better plac't.
Such is the strange condition of men
A rich-man once, no more a Good-man then.

EPIGRAM. 75.

Honores mutant mores.

Vhen I and some of my Comrades were poore,
O Lord how wee lou'd one another then,
Wee lou'd as, I thought, no men could loue more;
But, since the most of them are growne rich men,
And I sticke fast still to my pouerty,
They flye from mee and or I am skarse knowne,
Or quite forgotten, what an Asse am I,
The case is partly mine, but more their owne:
And their offence may well forgiven bee,
That haue forget themselves as well as me.

EPIGRAM. 76.

In Colacem.

Since *Colax* came from the Low-country wars,
Each *Tamene* and *Red-lettice* knowes his skars.
His skores too; well knowne to them all,
Skars on his skin, his skores vpon their wall.

EPIGRAM. 77.

In fungum.

Faint-harred *Fungus* that dare fight with none,
When he is drunke will fight with any one;

Rub and a great Cast.

Is't he, thinke you? No, *Bacchus* for his sake
The shape of him doth surely vnder take;
Nor is it strange, for in Troy-wars we read,
So for their fauourites the old Gods did:
With drunken *Fungus* ware you fight not than,
For trust me 'tis God *Bacchus*, not the man.

EPIGRAM. 78.

In Lucum: quod quisq; sua fortuna fabit.

L *Uc u*, the worst demeanur'd man aliue,
Wonders, of all he onely cannot thriue,
But 'tis his luck, sayes he, when by his fauour,
Tis not his luck, it is his lewd behauiour:
"Our selues our fortunes frame (how ere he giue it)
"And none is hurt but by himselte, belecue it.
Nemo laeditur nisi a seipso.

EPIGRAM. 79.

Alea, Vina, Venus.

Foure things in drinking breed our discontent,
Our *Wealth*, our *Wis*, our *Strength*, our *Time* mispent;
Three of the foure (which makes vs more agast)
Wealth, *Strength* and *Time* by *Women* are defac'd.
And two of three (take onely *Strength* away)
Our *Wealth* and *Time* the *Dye* brings to decay.
Therefore, that *Wealth*, *Wis*, *Strength*, *Time* be not lost.
Fly *Dice*, flye *Women*, but flye *Drinking* most.

EPIGRAM. 80

Aliud de eisdem.

THe earth three *Furies* hath, which ouer-match
The Hellish *Ætæ*; yea, or all the Fiends
Three headed *Ecate* did euer hatch,
Yet holds the earth these *Furies* for her friends:
And suckes the sweet that sowrely doth digest,
And first the *Die* she vseth for disport,

And

Rub and a great Cast.

And holds the *Grape-god* greatly in request,
Yet brings this this double pleasure, treble hurt.
The third to these, I was about to name,
Lusilla bob'd me, and bade, *Peace for shame.*

EPIGRAM. 81.

In Cosmum.

WHEN *Cosmus* will auerre a thing for truth,
He sweares, as he's a *Gentleman* forsooth.
Well, say he tell the most notorious lye,
Yet as he sweares, 'tis true, and that sweare I:
For wot you whence the *Gentleman* did come,
His father *Miller* had a golden thum.

EPIGRAM. 82.

De Epigrammaticis suis.

MY Epigrams, among my learned friends,
Are onely praised for their pretty ends,
They ioyne with me but onely in the close,
Gainst all the rest they haue too ranke a nose;
Liud he (who stoale from *Greece* her eloquence)
Tully should be his owne and my defence,
Gainst those that my beginnings discommend,
Gainst those that note his sentences nice end,
Gainst all such selfe-conceited seeming-wise,
Me and himsele well would he patronize:
Me, for my idle entring to the matter,
Himsele, for's *Esse posse vid:atur.*

EPIGRAM. 83.

Omni homo mendax.

POETS and Painters, once it was your part,
And none but you were priuileg'd to lye;
Now all the world authorizing your Art,
Challenge a charter of like liberty:
Philosophy affirms, a wise man may
Sometimes dissemble with safe conscience:

Rub and a great Cast.

And your *Civilian* will not sticke to say,
That *The officious* lie is no offence:
Our *Pure* Diuines that make so to abhorre it,
False *Ananias* trade haue not forgot.
And for your *Lawyer* see him roundly for it,
Hee'll lie you faster then a horse can trotte:
Secke to *Physicians*, health they will assure thee;
And if thou haue a skabbe or vicer grieue thee,
What say the *Surgeons*? questionles thei'l cure thee,
When both i'th end in worser case do leaue thee:
How falsely sweare your *Sellers* to the *Buyers*;
Nay, almost, who will not abiure the truth?
Yet being askt, who will they say are liers?
Poets and *Painters*, and none else forsooth:
Who tells me so, tell me too (if he can)
Who's not a *Poet*, or a *Painter* than?

EPIGRAM. 84.

Fortium est quise &c.

Ad Laboonem.

BEEUE me *Labro*, this were fortitude,
Ouer thy selfe to get a victory;
To see thy foule affections subdude,
This were a triumph worthy memory;
Though some will hold, true valour doth consist
In resolution and an active bodie,
Of iniuries not suffering the least,
But who so thinkes, I thinke him but a noddie.
Achilles was commended, wot you why?
Not for the valiant deeds he did performe;
But then he shewd his magnanimity,
When gainst great *Agamemnon* he did storme:
Others perhaps with hasty insurrections
Would take reuenge of an iniurious offer,
Well could he temper our affections,
And (what the valiant seldome can) could suffer

True

Rub and a great Cast.

True valour, Labeo, if I reade aright,
Must not be onely *Atline* to attempt:
For why the *Lyon* and the *Bull* can fight
And shew great mindes too, and much hardiment;
But the *Irrationall* can onely grieve:
Ours must not be so *Beast-like* furious,
But readier sometime, wrong to take then giue,
Else manhood might prooue too iniurious,
Where it must be considerate and carefull,
Betwixt extreames to keepe the merry meane,
Not to be rashly bold, nor basly fearefull,
Not too too milde, nor too too full of spleane,
Who thought one world too little to subdue,
Found 'twas too much to overcome a furious minde:
Then, as at first, so here conclude we now:
Labeo, this were true fortitude I finde,
This were a triumph worthy memory,
Ouer thy selfe to get a victory.

EPIGRAM 85

In Truncum.

SWagging *Truncum* sweares in eu'ry towne,
He is for any for a broken crowne,
And fight, else damne him, hee'l with any one,
Marry with cudgels, edge-tooles, hee'le vse none,
I like the *Woodden-hearted* slaue that wanting mettle
He will be sure his weapon haue as little.

EPIGRAM. 86.

In Gnalterum.

MY schoole-fellow, and my old friend *Gnalter*,
Could read the *ABC*, *Primer*, and the *Psalter*
None more distinctly, none could reade it better,
And now I heare he doth scarce know a letter;
His marriage, and his wanton Wife men gesse,
haue wrought in him this strange forgetfulness:
If that be all, doubtlesse he will recover,

Rub and a great Cast.

If so be she will do but her endeavour:
And as shee hurt him shee can help him too;
Or make him learne his *Horne-booke* o're anew.

EPIGRAM. 87.

Vitia virtutis speciem induunt.

VIce thought it once her onely grace,
T'Imma:ke her selfe with vertues face,
Now shee abhorres those idle shifts,
And stands ypon her owne good gifts:
Knowing the worlds opinion
Hath made her the worlds Minion.
When *Pride* is counted *Decency*,
And *Wrath* reputed *Valiancy*,
Envy's held for *Emulation*,
Sloth a life in *Contemplation*,
When all commend the *Gluttony*
Of *Egypt*'s Queene and *Antony*,
And to be drunken once a weeke,
'Tis a Gentleman-like trick,
Besides the wholesomenesse they vrge
O'tis Physicke, 'twill the body purge;
And *Letchery*; & God forbid,
There should bee sinne in such a deed,
Why it breeds loue, begets delight,
Besides the world is peopled by't.
Dissembling and *Hypocrisy*,
Shewes *Wisedome*, and shewes *Policy*,
The world it selfe's turn'd *Aschenill*
In practising and praying ill.
My selfe too, that can well become
A *Romane* when I am at *Rome*,
And otherwise when otherwhere
English, *Scotch*, *Irish*, whatsoe're;
Am willing sometime to traduce
To wanton sense my merry Muse,
Holding it foolish modesty

Idely

Rub and a great Cast.

Idely still to talke of honesty;
And say I do write ribaldrous,
It is a vice held vertuous.

EPIGRAM. 88.

In Palladium.

P*alladius* when all the world doth iudge
Thy wife so faire, thy seruant such a drudge,
I wonder what's the reason of thy wrongs
To giue the fowle what to the faire belongs.
Or is't, because affections oft blindnesse
Doth vnderferuedly dispose her kindnesse?
Or is't, because it is our natures course,
To see the better, yet to seeke the worse?
Or this, or that, or what I know not else:
Onely I heere men say the Maid she swels,
Which makes mee gather by the History,
Farther meaning of a future mistery,
And that *Palladius* did it, but to know
By change of Pasture how a Calfe might grow.

EPIGRAM. 89.

In Caluum.

C*aluum* sweares a compleate Gentleman
Must haue the Pox, or else hee can bee none,
I see then I can not bee what hee can
For I'le bee sworne hee is a pocky one.

EPIGRAM. 90.

Of Moll Cut-purse disguised going.

They say *Moll*'s honest, and it may bee so,
But yet it is a shrewd presumption, no:
To touch but pitch, 'tis knowne it will defile,
Moll weares the breech, what may she be the while;
Sure shee that doth the shadow so much grace,
What will shee when the substance comes in place?

EPIGRAM.

Rub and a great

EPIGRAM. 91.

In Hylam.

Hylas the Puritan is of beleefe,
That he by no meanes can a Cuckold bee,
If whilst hee sleepe another slip t'his wife,
For in my sleepe I am as dead quoth hee,
And who can do a dead-man iniury:
Here-hence his wife so wanton waxen is,
That should hee sleep 'tauid all infamy,
And dye as often as shee doth amisse,
How many times a day, had Hylas need
To drinke of *Lethe*, or eate *Poppy* seed?

EPIGRAM. 92.

In Dorotheam.

Doll, accused for a common Trull,
Sayes, she is for her Country borne,
Sweete sinne as sweetely salu'd (sweete *Doll*)
Thou speak'st but reason Ile be sworne,
Borne for thy Countrey, 'tis most true;
Nay thou hast borne thy Country too.

EPIGRAM. 93.

In Castorem.

Castor, were it charctred in thy brow,
Eu'ry offence thy lustfull wife doth do;
Them needeth not, that see thy knotty front
So much wish: Now a *borne-plague* upon't:
Rather they might with admiration
Go learne the Art of Numeration (faire
Nor could they Number, but they might aime
By likely-hood; a Horne for eu'ry Haire.

EPIGRAM.

band and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 40.

In eundem.

CAslor, thy horned brow can be no shame,
That very place predominates the Ramme,
Besides th'invisible grace; thou foole, what fear'st?
None see the hornes that many know thou wear'st,

EPIGRAM. 95

In Alomum quendam.

THough gainst my Rimes thou art out-ragious,
Think'st thou I care for thy fantasticke fits?
Thou say'st my sence is as my selfe, *Contagious*,
'Tis *Venemos*, 'twill poyson yonger wits.
Although I know the world holds mee excused,
And that my pen needs no Apology:
I meane not for the method therein vsed,
Or that it fauours ought of Poetry,
But for I doe so libr'ally disclose,
And touch the vlcers of this vice-growne Age,
And them to laughies and to shame expose,
As if I seem'd possesst with holy rage:
No, no, but let the *Spartane* speake for me,
Whose vse I gladly imitate herein,
Hee lets his *Sonne* his drunken *Servant* see,
That by the sight hee may avoid the sinne.
Like vic, may men make of my *Epigrammes*,
That when they see decipher'd here by me,
Other mens sinnes together with their shames,
By seeing others, may their owne foresee.
But O my ribald tearmes: No *Alomus*, no,
Hereby my Muse seemes more commodious:
Is't shame to say? How much more then to do,
What by but naming seemes so odious?
Thus *Alomus*, whilst thou labourst to peruert
What I haue labourd to a good intent

F

What

Rub and a great Cast.

Well maist thou show the malice of thy heart,
But neuer make me the more malecontent,
Rather thou mak'st me proud to censure thus,
„ Enuy is onely 'gainst the vertuous.

EPIGRAM. 96.

In Fuscæ.

I Pre thee *Fusca*, wouldst thou haue a Coach
To poast the streets, so like a paragon,
That all that to thy *Concane Carre* approach,
May cry *Madona* to a *Curtezan*,
And simpringly salure a sluttish sweet,
And as it were make curtsie to a crab;
Thy hopes are high, and yet perhaps may hit,
And destiny may dignifie a drab;
Or *Bridles* duty may (to thy desert)
If not a Coach, yet helpe thee to a cart.

EPIGRAM. 97.

In Fortunæ.

Fortune, be stormy as thou hast beene still,
Disgorge thy good vpon some witlesse guile,
Still credit me in crossing me with ill:
What sayes the prouerbe, *Fortune fauours fooles*.
Folly thy fauours, *Wisdom* hath thy frownes:
Hence I suspect my selfe a poore wise man,
Yet wish to be thy *Foole*, and full of *Crownes*:
Sweet *Fortunes* *Alcumize* me if you can;
Let me be *Midas*, and be this my fate.
To bee a *Foole*, and to be *Fortunate*.

EPIGRAM. 98.

Inuersio Argumenti.

Foole that I am to wish my selfe a foole,
As if that *Fortune* would be *Follies* friend,

Each

Rub and a great Cast.

Each boy, but grounded from the *Grammar-schools*,
Will finde my fault, and wherein I offend;
Some *Paradox*, from *Tully* will he fetch,
Or from the *Stoicks* straine an argument,
To proue, *the onely wise are onely rich*,
And none are poore but the improuident.
Is't true indeed? How came it then to passe,
That *Apulcius* prou'd a golden Ass?

EPIGRAM. 99.

In Frankum.

Frankus indeed *House-keeping's* commendable,
But harke you: you must fashion your course,
Begin as to hold on you may be able,
And rather still grow better then grow worse.
Who keepes within his compasse, at his pleasure
May giue his *Liberality* more scope,
When he that spends beyond his *means & measure*
Of being *Better* banisheth all hope.
Beside, there's none almost but will mis-doubt,
Seeing such *hare-brain'd* hospitality,
How such a one is able to hold out,
All through his lauish prodigality.
Frankus take heed, and feare this fowle disaster,
The house may surfet and spue out his maister.

EPIGRAM. 100.

*Ad familiarem suum, quomodo in Musam ma-
le meritam animaduertat.*

May be my *Muse*, like that same foolish reed,
That all abroad his Masters shame descry'd
Will doe by me, as he by *Midas* did,
And for a foole will make me notified.

F 2

Which

Rub and a great Cast.

Which, gentle friend, if so it shall fall out,
Must erre thou this my vnthankfull Muse,
Let not thy Spirit be made a (— —) clour,
All these my Epigrams are thine to vse.
Which though they'l do thy study little grace,
They'l do thee pleasure in some *Privy* place.

MARTIAL. LIB. I.

*Cui legisse satis non est Epigrammata centum,
Nil satis est illi, Cecilians, mali.*

Explicit

Rub and a great Cast.

Sequitur

Run and a great Cast.

*Brutigena tollant equites pediteq, cachinnum:
Per me equidem liceat.*

—
Run

* RVNNE,
And a great Cast.
THE
SECOND BOWLE.

* HORAT: *locum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat, & grata novitate morandus
Lector.*

To the right Honourable his singular good Lord and Maister, THOMAS Lord Windfore: His: Run, and a great Call.

Y Et more (thrice worthy Lord) more of that vaine,
My idler times and youthfulnesse affected;
A garb which amongst the gracesfull wits doth raigne,
Whereto the choicest spirits are addicted:
Not that I place my wit amongst the pregnant,
And yet your Lordship, when that you haue seene them,
Shall see my starres haue not beene so malignant,
But my conceits do carry salt within them:
Though not like some, in such abundant measure,
I may bee named, though they bee more noted,
To whom the Muses haue unlockt their treasure;
Ennius (as artlesse as hee is) is quoted,
But hence vaine-boasting, Hee bee no Suffenus;
Onely your Lordships liking, and delight,
And pardon when there's any thing obsceneous,
I hope, and craue; and where all goes not right,
Your Honour rather pittie then reprove,
Since Duty shewes her ignorance for Loue.

Virtus vera Nobilitas, Symbolum Domini, scripto
a se nomini, vñatissime subscriptum.

THat vertue is the true Nobility
I see subcrib'd oft to your written name,
But who your vertuous actions shall see,
And how your heart habituates the same:
Hee must confesse it a farre greater point,
Hee sees it there but written, here in Print.

Your Honours euer the same deuoted.

T. F.



Runne and a great Cast.

LECTORI.

EPIGRAM. I.

• **V**VHilst (Pedler-like) Theere vnpacke my pen,
And lay you forth the fairest of my wit,
Still more and more conceits come flocking in,
And in my braines do *Hurly-burly* it.
To Grace them all, I would ingrosse them all;
But when I would this indigested heape
Reduce (more seemely) into seuerall;
In steed of one; in, *All together* step.
That when I would tell *Sylla's* tyranny,
Or *Nero's* cruelty, and *Casars* stabbing,
Straight interrupts mee *Druso's* lechery,
Lucullus drudging, or *Lucilla's* drabbing.
Yet being willing (though not being able)
I broach my best inuention to dispose them;
But proues my worke still like the Tower of Babel,
And thus confusedly I leaue, and loose them;
Then *English Hodge-podge*, *Irish-bonielabor*,
Go on, go on, my *Gally-man* free labour.

EPIGRAM. 2.

Ad Merionem, cur passim Poeta.

WHy shouldst thou maruell to *Meriones*,
Whence our so many chattering Poets rise?
Hast thou not heard, how the *Pierides*
Were metamorphosed to tatling *Pies*?
Those *Pies* our Poets caught, this one got I,
Which heere thou seest I do againe let fly.

*Pierides in
Pias.*

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 3.

Of Leathe false Accuser:

Lea some three yeares since, the false accuser,
Of his two eares, for that fault, was a looser:
And yet they say, he swaggers, stamps, & swears;
Pray you why not? who can haue him by th'eares.

EPIGRAM. 4.

In Niluum.

Millus, that art deformed in thy face,
In eu'ry part ill-fashioned by nature,
Beware I wish thee, gaze not in thy glasse,
Looke to thy selfe, but looke not, in the water:
Lest looking in thy glasse, thou euacuate
From forth thy filthy corps, thy fairer soule,
Or in the water shouldst grow desperate,
And drowne the object of thy selfe so fowle:
How farre vnlike to faire *Narcissus* fate;
He, for selfe-loue, thou, drowning for selfe-hate

EPIGRAM. 5.

Hinc ill: lacryme.

Alas the while, poore Kitchin boyes may curse (ches
That whirling *lacks*, and *Dogs* in wheeles turne broa-
And *Seruingmen*, poore *Soules*, haue far'de the worse,
Since great men got the tricke to ride in coaches.
These first of these for food may now go starue,
Nor needs th'attendance of a Seruing-man,
A horse-pa't Footman, and a Coach will serue,
For certainly since first the world began,
And great men, with the world, to run on wheelles:
They haue but few or no men at their heeles.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 6.

In Mopsam.

M*opsa* had not, I heard her when shee swore,
The tooth-ach not these twenty yeares and more,
And well may *Mopsa* sweare, and sweare but truth,
'Tis about twenty since shee had a tooth.

EPIGRAM. 7.

In Cletus.

VVhat's *Cletus* better for his Benefice,
I see not how hee can fit much the warmer,
Hee owne the Sheepe, another sheares the Fleece,
Hee's Parson, but his Patron is his Farmer;
'Tis worth at least 200 hundred by the yeare,
Cletus is glad he can get barely twenty,
Nay and his Patron thinks hee paies too deere,
Livings grow scarce, and *Ministers* grow plenty.
Five for a *Reader*, ten pounds for a *Vicar*,
Is faire preferment, twenty Marks a *Preacher*,
With monthly *Sermons*, if hee come off quicker,
Why there's his praise, *To be a painefull Teacher*.
But *Cletus* takes too much about the Market,
What twenty pound? well may his Patron grutch:
Hee could haue had as learn'd as *Cletus* clarke it,
For lesse a great deale, nay for halfe as much;
And sweares his predecessour Parson tooke,
But bare five Markes, besides his *Easter-booke*.

EPIGRAM. 8.

In Epitaphium pingui minerva compositum.

When *Crassus* died, his friends, to grace his hearse,
Requested one to make his funerall verse,
Of whom they did procure it in the end,
A ruthfull one, and pittifully pen'd:
That sure the man who made it, made great moane
His Epitaph was such a sorry one.

G

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 9.

Alind.

THis Epitaph deferues, this on this stone,
To lye as low, as he it lies vpon.

EPIGRAM. 10.

Alind.

IMust needs say, were thou mine owne brother,
This Epitaph of thine deserueth another:
Such sorrow would make the learned to laugh
To read: *Heere lies a dead Epitaph.*

EPIGRAM. 11.

STrut to Size and Sessions brings a man
To talke with him when he with none else can:
Besides, to show hee is of some command
To talke to one, that stands with hat in hand.

EPIGRAM. 12.

De Pompeio & filijs, ex Martiall. lib. 5.

Pompei genitos Asia, atq; Europa, sed ipsum
Terratenet Libies, sitamenvillatenit:
*Quid mirum, toto si spargitur Orbe? jacere
Vno non poterat tanta ruina loco.*

Translatum.

ASia and Europe, Pompeis sonnes, interre;
Himselfe in Affrick lies, if any where (thrown
What wonder, through all parts o' th world he's,
So great a ruin could not lye in one.

EPIGRAM. 13.

*Honaratis: Domino suo T. D. W. in
minoribats sua, dicas.*

Some in their Loues, some other in their feares,
Do wish my Lord, your daies at least indure,

To

Run and a great Cast.

To the full tearme of *one and twenty* yeares,
 The latter, but to make their States more sure;
 And those, are they, whose wils once being got
 Their wishes end, their prayers are expirde,
 Then liue or die; al's one; they weigh it not:
 But they who in their loues your life desirde,
 Will still the fates importunately trouble
 Your *one and twenty*, twenty times to double.

EPIGRAM. 14.

— *Mediocribus esse Poetis*
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.
Horat. arte

Pitty & pittie, death had power
 Over *Chancer, Lidgate, Gower*:
 They that equal'd all the Sages
 Of these, their owne, of former Ages,
 And did their learned Lights aduance
 In times of darkeſt ignorance,
 When palpable impurity
 Kept knowledge in obscurity,
 And all went Hood-winkt in this Ile,
 They could ſee and ſhine the while:
 Nor Greece nor Rome could reckon *vs,
 As then, among the Barbarous:
 Since theſe three knew to turne perdy
 The Scru-pin of Phyloſophy
 As well as they; and left behind
 As rich memorials of the mind:
 By which they liue, though they are dead,
 As all may ſee that will but read;
 And on good workes will ſpend good howres,
 In *Chancers, Lidgates, and in Gowers*.

* *Sæcūlū Græci,*
& Rom: omnes
alias gentes Bar-
baras inuincunt;

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 15.

To the worthy, his friend, Maister FOVLK
KNOTTESFORD.

WHO knowes thee right hee will thee rightly
About the generall of Gentlemen, (prize
Not sullen-sad, nor selfe-conceited-wise,
Yet knowing how to speak, and where and when,
And how to liue, and how to loue thy friends:
And say (as man) thou hast inherent sinne,
Thy rare and many vertues make amends:
And do but hold the way that thou art in:
The president begunne, as well but end it,
Many may follow, but there's none can mend it.

EPIGRAM. 16.

In Rodulp.

RAsfe is growne poore, and now the woodcocke grud-
That his Inferiours rise and are growne rich, (ges,
Hee sweares he hates them, calls them dunghill drudges,
And he hath spent, they'l neuer spend so much:
Indeed hee hath spent all, and I know none,
Is able to spend more then Rafe hath done.

EPIGRAM. 17.

Vilior Alga.

SO fares the world; we loue our friends, if rich;
It not; then not: So wary wise wee grow,
Wee question not the manner, but how much
A man is worth: we aske no other How: (words
Yet friendships prais'd, and vertue gets good
That's all the goodnesse this vile age affords.

EPIGRAM. 18.

In Peg.

PEg would play false but that she stands in feare
Twill proue within three quarters of a yeare:

Shee

Run and a great Cast.

She fancies, though she followes not the game,
'Tis not for feare of sinne, but feare of shame.

EPIGRAM. 19.

In Lusillam.

L *Vsilla*, though her beauty be out-wore,
Yet hath an Image of her fairest hew,
As when she was but sixteene, and no more,
That in her Chamber hangs to open view;
To all that come, that portrature she shoves,
And sighs she is not what she was while ere,
This furrow'd face so full of Cris. crosse rowes,
Was once (quoth she) such as you see it there:
With that she leaues him gazing on hir picture,
And makes to goe, she knowes not whereabout;
But what's her meaning I cannot coniecture,
Except she would her picture prostitute:

And that it be more like her, and be lewd,
While she absents hir selfe for ke a bawd.

EPIGRAM. 20.

To the Stationer.

I Tell thee *Stationer*, why neuer feare,
They'll sell yfaith, and't be but for their Title,
Thou canst not lose, nay, I dare warrant cleare,
They'll get thee twenty nobles, not so little:
Why reade this Epigram, or that, or any,
Do they not make thee itch, & moue thy bloud;
Of all thou hast had (and thou hast had many).
Hast e're read better? nay, hast read so good?
Dost laugh? they'll make thee rigid. *Cato* doe it;
Besides smooth verse, quaint phrase, come, what wilt giue?
No more but so: Ah! what shall I say to it?

I pittie *Poetrie*, but curse the time,
When none will bid vs Reason for our Rime.

EPIGRAM. 21.

Patruo suo colendis: Rich. Freeman: parafoso.

T *Hese*, and him selfe that sends you these, are yours,
From who he yeelds he had his chiefe proceeding,

Run and a great Cast.

To whom he owes his best bestow'd houres,
And (better then mans birth) ingenuous breedings;
Though much against your mind he hath imploy'd
That pretious iewell Time, to his great losse:
Yet all you haue bestow'd is not destroy'd:
There's some gold ore in this huge heape of drosse:
So much, and such as 'tis, accept, and saue it,
If it were more, and better, you should haue it.

EPIGRAM. 22.

Eidem.

TO whom may I these rimes more truly send,
Then vnto you, where they were bred & born,
Should all forsake them, you must be their friend,
If good, your praise, if bad (t'escape from scorne)
To *Bucklers-bery*; or *Tobacco-takers*,
Or *Flax-wines* vent them, or neere home you may,
To *Tewkesbery* amongst the Mustard-makers,
Or fire them, or send them quite away:
Your only sweet course for *Virginia* ship them,
For by the *Statute* you are bound to keep them.

EPIGRAM. 23.

Con sanguinem suo chariss. generosiss. W. Warrmsbury.

VHo would you not in all abundant measure,
The triple good of body, mind and fortune;
Eu'n those to whom you neuer yet did pleasure,
How much more, I may such a wish importune:
Who in good troth if but the troth were known,
In wishing your health, do but wish mine owne.

EPIGRAM. 24.

In Swaggerum.

SWagger, the onely Strike-fire of our time,
Whose sword & the Steele, whose fury is the flint,
Well would this Cavalier become my rime,
But, O impatience! *Sbloud put him not in's*:

For

Run and a great Cast

For if I doe, be sure hee'l be my bane,
Not *Hercles* vñ the three-chopt *Hel-hound* so,
As I shall be, if in his clutches ta'ne,
Hee'l teach the curre for barking any mœ.
Yet good sir *Swagger*, if I pen thy praise,
Record thy valour, registering in it
How many thou hast killed in thy dayes :
All which I dare be sworne are liuing yet.
If I shall say how thou becom'st a terrour,
A Bugge-beare to those Babie-hearted slaues,
That know not how they grosely liue in errour,
To thinke thee valiant only for thy braues.
If I shall terme thee the *Tunes* onely hackeſter,
The *Tauernus* tyrant, like some cutting *Dicke*,
To call the *Oaſter* rogue, beknaue the *Tapſter*,
With, *Fill's another quarte, come villaine quicke.*
If I shall tell how thou mad'st *Piekt-hatch* smoke,
And how without smoke thou waſt fired there :
If I shall tell how, when thy head was broke,
Thou wouldſt haue bin reuenged, but for feare.
Thus if I praiſe thee, ſay, ſhall I not pleaſe thee,
Well, doe, or doe not, thus reſolu'd I am,
Swagger, thy words, thy oths ſhal not releaſe thee,
Be thou the ſubieſt of this Epigram:
Swagger thou maiſt, and ſwear as thou art wont,
Thou wilt not fight, I am aſſured on't.

EPIGRAM. 25.

In Quintium.

IS't not a wonder, *Quintius* ſhould ſo dread,
To ſee a Hare runne croſſing in his way,
The Salt fall t'wards him, or his Noſe to bleed,
Beginne a iourney vpon *Diſemores* day;
Yet feares not things more ominous then theſe,
But dares to drinke with him that hath the pox,
And ligge with her that hath the like diſeaſe;
But what cares *Quintius*, ſo he ply the box?

Run and a great Cast.

So long to swill with him, to play with her,
Till he be sure of the venereall murre.

EPIGRAM 26

In Malcheonem.

IEalous *Malcheon* thinks his wife will doe it,
And she, poore soule, to saue his soule, falls to it:
Would eu'ry iealous man had such a wife,
He should be sure, be sau'd by his beliefe.

EPIGRAM. 27.

In duas meretrices litigantes.

F*rancke* and *Kate* wage law, wherefore?
Because that *Francis* call'd *Kate* whore;
Yet *Kate* is knowne, and *Francis* too,
Wenches that will not sticke to doe:
Faith Kate, let fall thy Action
Law prooues it no detraction:
I, him that weaues, a Weauer call,
No vantage to be got at all:
And how can *Francis* be found too blame,
That to thy trade so fits thy name.

EPIGRAM 28.

In Salomonem.

OF in the night *Salomon* is inclinde,
To rise and pisse, and doth as oft break winde;
If's Vrinall be glasse, as 'tis no doubt,
I wonder it so many crackes holdes out.

EPIGRAM. 29.

In Caium: Dantur opes nulla nunc nisi diuitibus.

WHen *Caius* needed no mans amitie,
He might haue beene beholding vnto many:
But when he sought in his calamitie,
He could not be beholding vnto any.
Then eu'ry man his kindnesse gan recall,

His

Run and a great Cast.

His friends forgot they euer knew the man,
 His kinsfolkes were to him no kin at all;
 All scorn'd their *quondam* kind companion,
 A common case, and true it is we see,
 With seeming friends, how we shalbe attended,
 The whilst our state stands happy, who but wee?
 O how the fortunate shalbe befriended!
 But when foule fortune throws vs to the ground,
 Lo then they seeke occasion to be gone:
 To beate that dog a staffe is quickly found,
 Hang him (say they) we n'er knew such a one.

Riches are onely giuen to the rich,

And he that's downe, shal still lie in the ditch.

EPIGRAM. 30.

In Rusticum generosum.

WHy hath our Age such new-found *Gentles* made,
 To giue the *Master* to the *Farmers* sonne,
 And bid, *Good morrow Goodman* to his Dad,
 Whence hath his brat those brauer titles wonne?
 He that saw nothing but the seething pot,
 That n'er went further then Chimney corner,
 His father sonne (so like him eu'ry iot,)
 Why is he better then the elder Farmer?
 Except, as said King *Philip* long agoe
 (Seeing his subiects honour *Alexander*)
 Men giue more reuerence to the *Rising Sunne*,
 Then vnto that which to the *West* doth wander:
 So did the *Athenians* adore
 For *Philips* manhood, & *Alexanders* godhead;
 So may we set this sonne, his fire before,
 And call the father, *Clowne*, the son a *Couls-head*.

EPIGRAM. 31.

Shrauten/d y.

You belly-gods, behold your *Bacchanals*,
 The *Calends* of the *Epicures* are come,

H

Bombast

Run and a great Cast.

Bombast your guts vntill you breake your galls,
Fat you with flesh; to morrow't goes from home:
Now lard your lips, and glut your greasie logs,
You *Hinxy*-hinds, you *Bul-biefe*-bacon-hogs.

EPIGRAM 32.

In Rufum legentem praecedens Epigr.

Rufus was reading the fore-going time,
Early one morne when he was fresh & fasting;
O Lord, said he, for that thrice happy time!
Or that Shroueteusday might be euerlasting!
I lookt, and laught, and saw a wondrous matter,
Eu'n as he wisht his mouth began to water.

EPIGRAM. 33.

In Apparitores.

Cite-*finne* the Sumner is a sharking lad,
He seemes to friend offenders by forbearance,
Onely a tricke to trie what may be had;
If nothing, ware their Doomes-day of appearance;
They must come in, the Court commaunds it so,
And pulls his *Processe* from his frighting powch,
Shews to their names the terrible *EXCO*:
This crowing Cocke makes country lions crowch,
With's *Coram nomine* keeping greater sway,
Then a Court-Blew-coat on Saint *Georges* day.

EPIGRAM. 34.

Lettori.

IT will be thought to many, that I am,
For some inuectiue vaines that I doe vse,
Rather a *Satyre* then an *Epigram*,
But who so thinkes mistakes my merry Muse:
Who thogh she smite at first in th'end doth smile,
And laugh at that she so dislikt erewhile.

EPIC.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM 35

Epitaphium meretricis.

GRaues are gone on commonly we see;
Tis no offence to them that buried be:
Why then this graue is for the common tread,
And so was she too that therein lies dead.

EPIGRAM. 36.

Quis cladem.

MOre did not *Dulake*, nor *Godfry of Bullen*,
Bevis of Hampton, nor *Guy Erle of Warwicke*,
The Knight of the *Sun*, the three *Kings of Cullen*,
Nor all the world twixt *Douer* and *Barwicke*,
Nor any man, if his Cap made of woollen,
At land, at sea, without Castle or *Carricke*:
Feeders on mans flesh, bloud-suckers braue *lacke*
Hath thum'd many thousands, and kil'd with a knacke.

EPIGRAM. 37.

Lectori.

WHoop, whoop, me thinkes I heare my Reader cry,
Here is rime doggrell: I confesse it I;
Nor to a certaine pae tic I my Muse;
I giue the Reines, anon the Curbe I vie;
And for the foote accordingly I fit her,
To diuerse matter vsing diuerse meeter,
Her lines, they are as long as I allot her,
As why not, vessels be as please the Potter,
Nor care I for a *Censors* ciuill hood,
I please my selfe, at home my Musicke's good.

EPIGRAM. 38.

MEn are growne monsters now at last,
By their apparells alteration:

H 2

Their

Run and a great Cast

Their knees are bigger then their waste,
Else how came in the Cloake-bagge fashion?

EPIGRAM. 39.

In Heridipetam.

A God *Leontius* hath much land and wealth,
And but one son, & that some one so sickly,
Sickely to see his father in such health,
My proper squier looks the church-books weekly,
Compares his fathers with his grandfathers yeares,
And how long all that lignage wont to live,
And yet his father; O! and then he swears
To haue him winded, what would he not giue?
Fie on this finne of sonnes, for not this one,
But many thousands with their fathers gone.

EPIGRAM. 40.

Ad Renum.

L Aughter to thee that art mirths eldſt-begot,
My ſportiue illeneſſe I dedicate;
Good ſhew thy teeth, or if thou haſt them not,
Lee'st be bare gums, theſe ſiluered bare ſmiles I hate,
To ſee ones lippes drawne in a direct line,
Yawne me, and laugh, vntill thou fall to coughing,
And on thy hip-bone lay that hand of thine,
And ſwear thy hart is almoſt broke with laughing,
Your Puitanicke laugh I doe deteſt,
And heare them ſay; tis pretty Hang your pretties.
Laugh till thou haue the Hickocke in thy cheſt,
Elſe get, and ſit, and laugh amongſt the pecties:
Shall I ſpeake plaine? I do not care a f.
For ha ha heſ that come not from the hart.

EPIGRAM. 41.

Ad Liram.

In merriment, I ſtoode vpon a time,
Did make a Clowne acquainted with my rime:

And

Ruin and a great Cast.

And gaue him leaue to turne a merry leafe,
 Although I knew, *I sung to one was deafe:* (der
 Yet how he, with blind cies, and iudgement blin-
 Could look and like (for then afoole none kinder)
 And laugh and draw his lips aside and smile,
 At that he vnderstood not all the while:
 Nay I dare sweare for right conceiuing mee,
 His fathers horse had as much wit as hee.

EPIGRAM. 42.

In Elizabetham.

Besse doth *Alloximize* her husbands Crowne,
 And trimming his head proues she trimmes her owne,
 And yet her head is still attir'd but badly,
Besse, once, quoth I, I would the reason gladly,
Mine owne (quoth she) do you not that descry,
 My Husbands mine, and that same head trimme I.

EPIGRAM. 43.

In Fugum.

F*ingus* the Vsurers dead, and no Will made,
 Whose are his goods? they say no Heire he had,
 Sure I should thinke (and so hath Law assign'd)
 They are the deuils, for he's next of kind.

EPIGRAM. 44.

In Gulielmum.

V*vill* would haue Officers reforme well one fault,
 And punish seuerely transporting of Mault:
 Peace *Will*, there's none can remedy the matter,
 It hath gone, and will go away, still by water.

EPIGRAM. 45.

In Rollonem.

R*ollo* hath made away a faire estate,
 Well seated Lord-ships, goodly Mannor places,
 And

Run and a great Cast.

And now they say he walkes a simple mate:
Hee is no *Ianus*, hath not many faces,
And yet he hopes and harpes vpon a string,
And here's his comfort: friends he hath in Court,
By them hee'l get some forfeits of the King;
Some Statute-breach, no matter whom it hurt,
Or get some office, or perchance procure
A Corporation for some petty Trade,
Himselfe free on't too, may he not? yes sure
If Beggars may a Company bee made,
Or fooles, or mad-men, some rich charter get,
There is some hope of *Rollo's* rising yet.

EPIGRAM. 46.

In Sextinum.

A Pretty blocke *Sextinus* names his hat,
So much the fitter, for his head, by that.

EPIGRAM. 47.

Encomion Cornubie.

I Louethee *Cornwall*, and will euer,
And hope to see thee once agen,
For why thine equall knew I neuer,
For honest minds and actiue men:
Where true Religion better thriues;
And *GOD* is worshipt with more zeale;
Where men will sooner spend their liues,
To good their King, and Common-weale;
Where vertue is of most esteeme,
And not for feare, but loue, embrac't:
Where each mans conscience doth seeme
To be a Law, and bind as fast:
Where none doth more respect his purse,
Then by his credite he doth set:
Where Words and Bonds haue equall force,
And promise is as good as debr.

Where

3

Run and a great Cast

Where none enuies anothers state,
 Where men speake truth without an oath:
 And what is to be wondred at,
 Where men are rich, and honest both.
 Where's strickt obseruance of the Lawes,
 And if there chance some little wrong,
 Good neighbours heare and end the cause,
 Not trust it to a Lawyers tongue.
 Where, as it seemes, by both consents,
 The Sea and Land such * plenty brings,
 That Land-lords need not rack their rents,
 And Tenants liue like petty Kings.
 Where goodnesse soly is regarded,
 And vice and vicious men abhor'd:
 Where worth in meanest is rewarded:
 And to speake briefly in a word:
 I thinke not all the world againe,
 So neere resembles of *Saturnes* raigne.

EPIGRAM. 48.

In laudem Pensance.

WHat euer *Markis* pretends
 Vpon some musty old record,
 For Noblest hearts and truest-friends,
Pensance shall euer haue my word:
 No little Towne of like account,
 On this side, nor beyond the *Mount*.

EPIGRAM. 49.

In Hieracem.

Hierax now a Hermite may become
 He dwels alone, and not a neighbor by him,
 Indeed there stood: but hee, for elbow roome,
 Demolisht quite the village that stood by him.
 Pox on his coine, that scuruy white and yellow,
 Haue made him * *Bailife Acham*, without fellow.

* *Ex piscatione,*
& stanni fod-
us.

* *country pro-*
verb.

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 50.

In Cacoonus.

C*acoonus* thinks his Dad doth do him wrong,
To liue and keepe a way the land so long:
Why, he hath liu'd these 80. yeares and odde,
And yet he is not going towards God;
Hee's neuer sicke, nor e're will bee, hee thinks,
With such an appetite hee eates and drinks:
Sleepes soundly, walkes, and talkes with such a courage,
And sops his dish himselfe, and sups his porridge;
And lookes so buxsome, bonny, and so blithe,
Not dreaming once of death, or Times sharpe sithe.
His father; why hee'le be, (hee'l hold a Testor)
Some nine-liu'd Cat, at least, some three-liu'd *Nestor*.
His soule, she needs no transmigration dout,
Shee hath a body will so long hold out.
An Heire: why if the fates thus still deferre it,
Impossible to liue for to inherite.
I thinke in very troth (if troth were knowne)
Hee would his fathers death, and feares his owne.
A habite now a daies in sonnes soone gotten,
Scarce ripe they wish their *Parent*: dead and rottē.

EPIGRAM. 51.

In Brusorem.

B*rusor*, is growne to be a man of wealth
Onely by knauery, cozenage, and stealth.
As all men know, yet none dare say so much,
For now he's honest, why; because he's rich?

EPIGRAM. 52.

His distance to Fortune.

Hence cares, I will none of your wrinkled furrowes,
Before my time, to make mee to looke old;
He not submit my yonger yeares to sorrowes,
No fullen-sadnesse shall of mee take hold:

And

Run and a great Cast.

And though the ragged hand of fortune shake mee,
As that my neereſt kindred will not know mee,
And all my old acquaintance quite forſake mee,
And whilome friends no friendſhip now will ſhow mee,
Though cruell chance doth rack me with that rigour,
Would make almoſt the ſtoutest fall to ſtouping,
Yet ſhall my heart retaine her wonted vigour,
And this my Muſe ſhall keepe my minde from drouping:
Perhaps I'll triumph too, and make lowd boalt,
How *Fooles haue fortune, and brane men are croſt.*

EPIGRAM. 53.

In Medicaſtrum.

ONce, and but once, in my moſt griuous ſickenesse,
I ſought by Phyſicke to ſupport my weakenesse,
And got mee vnto no great learned man,
No *Galenist* nor *Paraculſaw*:
One that had read an English booke or two,
Yet whatdurſt hee not vndertake to do?
Hee tooke in hand, the *Urinall* I brought him,
And told me what ſome *Almanacke* had taught him,
Surueid my water, gaue mee ſuch an anſwere,
As well I wot ſhow'd but a ſimple cenſure:
In fine; I found in him no other matter,
But I to caſt my money, hee my water;
And I returned poorer in my purſe,
But ſicke in body, as before, or worſe.

EPIGRAM. 54.

In Iohannem.

IAcke once curl'd Scalpe, is now but ſkin and bone,
There's not a haire awry for there is none:
And call it by what name you liſt to uſe,
Or Scalde or Balde, there's not a haire to chuſe.

I

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 55.

Et dare tutoris alcum ista potest.

O Let me laugh before I tell you how,
Old *Miso's* sonne is growne a Cavalier,
Become a flat Recusant to the Plow:
Hang't, he a drudge, and bee his fathers Heire,
Nay, such a one's Leiferenant of the Shire,
And't shall go hard but he will weare his cloth:
Or he'll serue him that shal be Shrieve next yeare,
Not for the world will he liue as he doth,
He'll shake of that same home-made russet sute,
And booke his father but hee will haue better,
Whose name hee knowes sufficient to do't:
The Mercers glad too of so good a detter.
Loe in a Blew-Coate, or a Liuey Cloake,
Who swaggers it, but good fir *Clumian*;
His hands behind him, or in either poke
Hee's eu'ry Gentlemans companion:
When by his leaue, in good time bee it said,
And *Ape's* an *Ape*, how trimme so ere aray'd.

EPIGRAM. 56.

In Grobenduck. Animum gerit is muliebrem.

S Ir *Grobenduck* i'th house is better skil'd,
Then with his seruants working in the field;
Hee makes the maids, and what they haue to do,
To wash in Sope, to Bucke, to Bake, to Brew,
M lke, and make Cheese, Churne Butter, Spin, and Card:
To call the Pigs and Poultry in the yard,
Groepe Hens and Ducks: i'th house what longs vnto it
Or he see's done, or he himselfe doth do it,
And but for wearing long-coates, like in all
To the *Assirian Sardan* spall:
This *Woman-man*, this *Houja-Hermophrodite*,
Doth liue nor like a Lady, nor a Knight.

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 57.

In Prodigum.

Poore *Prodigus* brags wherefoere he comes
 How much hee hath consumed in his daies:
 How many hundred pounds, no lesser summes:
 Think'st *Prodigus* this can be for thy praise,
 Thou, whose decline can neuer be redeemed
 Of friends, of fortunes, eu'ry way defac't,
 An *Irus* now, though *Cressus* late esteem'd:
 Think'st thou the world takes notice what thou wast?
 No, no, thou shalt be ballanc't as thou art,
 Mens minds are metamorphoz'd with thy meanes,
 And want can alienate the truest heart,
 And: *Loe*, (saith some one) *how on vs hee leans*,
Perh'p hee thinks that wee will beare him out:
 Hee layes it too, perchance, that cost thee much:
 The whilst thou bragst thou hast not spar'd to do'r,
 For him ere now, and twenty other such:
 . When none but fooles would boast the bankrout ioy
 O! *Once wee flourish'd; wee haue beene of Troy.*

EPIGRAM. 58.

Sine sanguine & sudore.

Rafe challeng'd *Robin*, time and place appointed,
 Their parents hard on't, Lord how they lamented,
 But, God be thank't, they were soone free'd of feare,
 The one ne're meant, the other came not there.

EPIGRAM. 59.

In Lyncettum.

L*aurettia* is laid o're, how lie not say,
 And yet I thinke twomanner of waies I may,
 Doubly laid o're, *videlicet*, her face
 Laid o're with colours, and her coate with lace.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 60.

Cui Vulcanus non Planeta.

WHy is not *Vulcan*, many times I wonder,
Amongst the seven Celestiall Planets one:
He that made *Ioue* the Gyant-quelling Thunder,
When he kept shop within the *Torrid* Zone?
Why not as well as *Mars* the God of strife?
Or *Saturne* he that lookes so dull and dunne?
Why not as *Mercury* that cunning Theefe,
Or that prospectiue-glasse-ei'd God the Sunne?
I wonder why not rather then his wife?
Or changing Moone (and one as horn'd as hee?)
I cannot find the reason for my life,
Except (and that may chance some reason bee)
Because a fellow of no Influence:
Bad in Coniunction, worser in Aspect,
And therefore *Mars* got the preheminance,
For he suppli'd, where *Vulcan* made defect:
Besides his polt-foot; all these might fore-token
Hee should no Planet be, but Planet-stroken.

*allem, quam
Ætne:
cung, fabulā-
r Poeta.*

EPIGRAM. 61.

In Vopiscum.

A Changling, no; *Vopiscus* scornes to doe't
Nor bee a shifter, still he's in one sute:
Yet nor his Constancy, let none deride him,
For by his cloathes he seemeth *semper idem*:
Perchance Religious, and I should aread,
Some *Capuchin* by wearing still one Weed.

EPIGRAM. 62.

In Puritanum.

VHo's that incountred vs but euen now,
With such a leuell and Religious a looke?
So graue and supercilious a brow
With such spruce gate, as if he went by'th booke,

Hit

Run and a great Cast,

His cloake (not swagging) handsomly, he wore
His head and beard short cut his little tuffe,
His doublet fit for's belly, and no more,
With teemely hose made of the selfe-same stuffe;
In all, how neerly, and not nicely trimm'd;
Nay, and (me though) his words as well he plac'd,
Saluting vs when we saluted him,
As e're I heard, I pre thee say, who wast?
Know you now him first 'tis a Puritan,
Trust me, I tooke him for an honest man.

EPIGRAM 63.

*Morum amorum. amicorum candidissimo cor-
datissimo, suo, Magistro Iohanni
Smith Oxon.*

WHat shall I say? but what I must say still,
Let any *Cymcke* with a light goe seeke,
At night, at noone-day, at what time he will,
He may looke long, and misse to finde thy like:
For a free spirit that breathes more sincerely,
In harmlesse sport, and mirth with innocence,
That loues his friend more truly, more entirely,
Speakes honest English without complements:
The womb that bare thee, but e thee not a brother,
For 2 such sons could not come from one mother.

EPIGRAM 64.

Of Spencers Faery Queene.

Virgil from Homer, th' *Isabau* from him;
Spenser from all, and all of these I weene,
Were borne when *Helison* was full to th' brim,
Witness their works, witness our *Faery Queene*:
That lasting monument of *Spencers* wit,
Was n'er come neare to, much lesse equal'd yet.

Run and a great Cast.

EPIGRAM. 65.

In Phœdram.

NOw by her troth she hath bin, *Phædra* sayes,
At a play farre better edified,
Then at a Sermon euer in her dayes;
Phædra, 'tis true, it cannot be denied:
For Stage-plays thou hast giuen eare to many,
But Sermons *Phædra* neuer heardst thou any.

EPIGRAM. 66.

In Calium.

NO, hang me *Calia*, if I'l be thy guest,
We scarce begin to eate, but thou to chide;
This Goose is raw, that Capon is ill drest,
And blainst the Cooke, and throwest the meate aside:
When we sit iudging, that would rather eate,
No fault o'th Cooks, 'tis thou wouldst saue thy meate.

EPIGRAM. 67.

Typographo.

PRinter, that art the Midwife to my muse,
To bring to light what is vnworthy light,
Let me intreate thee leaue thy wonted vse,
Print not at all, or print my booke aright:
Trouble not thou the Reader to goe see
Faults escap'd in the Impression,
Too much already is transgressed by me,
Augment it not in thy profession;
But where thou seest my imperfections wants,
The Sense scarce seeming intelligible,
Giue me the fairest Characters thou canst,
It is thy grace it goe soorth legible:
They that peruse, wil praise it for the print,
It for no other goodnesse they see in't.

EPIGRAM

Run and a great Cast

EPIGRAM 68.

In Lucam.

Like sayes, Let Gallants gallant how soe're,
They are but like the Moone, and he the Sun;
For eu'ry month a new sute they doe weare,
When a whole twelue month he is still in one:
T'would make you laugh, if you the reason knew,
He hath nor meanes, nor mony, to buy new.

EPIGRAM. 69.

Ad Sam. Danielelem, ut civile bellum perficiat.

I See not (*Daniel*) why thou should'st disclaime,
If I vouchsafe thy name amongst my mirth;
Thy *Aetas prima* was a merry vaine,
Though later Muse tumultuous in her birth:
Know, here I praise thee as thou wast in youth;
Venerosus, not mutinous as now;
Thy Infancie I loue, admire thy growth,
And wonder to what excellence it will grow:
When thou shalt end the broils thou hast begun,
Which none shall do, if thou shalt leaue vndone.

*Aetas prima ca-
nat venter po-
stema tumult-
us: Master
Daniels Morte
prefixed to
most of his
Workes.*

EPIGRAM. 70.

In Emiliam.

Æ Milia tooke her husband in a trippe,
Aduenturing his ware in a strange shippe;
Poore soule, she could no lesse, she chaste, and chide him;
But for she did no more, there she vndid him:
For now hee's sawcie, and there's little oddes,
Betwixt him and that Pagan-king of gods:
And cares no more then *Iuno* when *Iuno* spide him,
For now he knowes the worst, she will but chide him.

EPIGRAM. 71.

In Moscam.

While *Mosca*'s teeth in eu'n ranks faire stood,
Her nose could neuer giue her chin the meeting,
Where

Run and a great Cast.

Where now regarding not how neare in blood,
Th'are seene with shame, incestuously greeting:
Or it may be her chin's like a Salt pit,
And Pigeon-like her nose lies pecking it.

*Amant loca sal-
pistomide.*

EPIGRAM. 72.

In Sotonem.

SOto, a country Iustice, at each Session
Speakes more then all the Bench, doth neuer cease,
Tis contrary to his profession,
Or if a Iustice, surely none o'th Peace.

EPIGRAM. 73.

In Cleon.

TIs one of *Clees* qualities,
That euer when she sweares, she lies:
Dost loue me *Clee*? sweare not so,
For when thou swear'st, thou liest I know:
Dost hate me *Clee*? pre thee sweare,
For then I know thou'tou'lt me deare.

EPIGRAM. 74.

In Oweni Epigrammata.

O*Wen*, not to vse flattery (as they
That tune mens praises in too high a kay)
Thus far, in troth, I thinke I may commend thee,
The *Latines* al (saue one) must come behind thee,
Adde yet one little, but a louely fault,
Thou hast: too little gall, but full of salt.

*Semper excipio
Martulien.*

EPIGRAM 75.

In Thuscum.

T*Huscum* doth vaunt be hath an *Ouide* vaine,
That for my eu'ry one verse hee'l make twain;

Licke

Run and a great Cast.

Licke he like * *Virgil* too, I doe not doubt,
For lacke of liking, hee'llicke all his out.

* *Vide Virgilij
vitam.*

EPIGRAM. 76.

In eundem.

T*Huscus* writes faire, without blurre or blot,
The rascall'st rimes, were euer read, God wot,
No maruell: many with a Swans quill write,
That can but with a Gooses wit endite.

EPIGRAM. 77.

Quid non ebrietas?

APe-drunkards they are merry, Lion-drunkards mad,
Fox-drunkards cheat, Swine-drunkards lie and spew;
Goat-drunkards lust, and these, and more as bad,
Beasts attributes to men by drinking grew:
Yea this same sin when it disfigures least,
Deformes a man, and makes him but a beast.

EPIGRAM. 78.

In Carentinum.

C*Arentinus* might haue wedded where he wood,
But he was poore, his meanes were nothing good;
Twas but for lacke of liuing that he lost her,
For why, no penny now, no *Pater noster*.

EPIGRAM. 79.

In Lencium.

L*Encus* doth think 'twould countenance my wite,
To dedicate it to a Puritan,
With some more solemne title set to it,
And a faire Preface to that holy man.
Tush *Lencus*, to my Booke, by such a trick
Might be accounted a dissembler too,
A filthy *in-side*, with an outward decke;
Why that is all the Puritan can doe;
Nay, let him with a penny-father free

Run and a great Cast.

O're-vaile his shame, and vizardize his sinne,
When none performeth fruits of lesser grace:
My rimes, such as they are, shall such be seene;
Their very title shall instruct men rather,
Grapes upon thorns how hopelesse 'tis to gather.

EPIGRAM. 80.

I Haue some Kinsfolke rich, but passing proud,
I haue some friends, but poore and passing willing.
The first would gladly see me in my shrowd,
Which in the last would cause the tears distilling:
Now which of these loue I? so God me mend,
Not a rich *Kinsman*, but a willing *Friend*.

EPIGRAM. 81.

C*rispus* could helpe me if he would,
Charus would helpe me if he could;
Would *Crispus Charus* mind did beare,
Or *Charus* but as wealthy were.

EPIGRAM. 82.

In Tiburn.

T*iburne* is a Wraffler, yer can nor leg, nor trip, (slip)
But play at collars, and 'tis ods she throws you with a

EPIGRAM. 83.

In lactantem Poetastrum.

ONe told me once of Verses that he made
Riding to *London* on a trotting iade;
I should haue knowne, had he conceal'd the case,
Eu'n by his Verses, of his horses pafe.

EPIGRAM. 84.

To Iohn Dunne.

THe *Storme* describ'd, hath set thy name afloat,
Thy *Calme*, a gale of famous winde hath got:

Thy

Run and a great Cast.

Thy *Satyres* short, too soone we them o'relooke,
I prethee *Persius* write a bigger booke.

EPIGRAM. 85.

In Gallam & Gelliam.

IF *Galla* frowne, is *Gellia* disdainfull?
Sure like the tradesmen of som towne they are,
Who for to make their merchādise more gainfull,
Do pitch a common price on all their ware:
And why not *Galla* and her fellow iade,
Vse common tricks too in their cōmon trade.

EPIGRAM. 86.

In Thuscum.

THUSCUM, print not thy Epigrams, for men wil see
Th'haſt ſuckt, nor with the Spider, nor the Bee:
Hony, nor Poiſon : not a droppe of a *Gall*,
There's not a corne of *Salt* among them all,
Thy wit hath beene an honeſt Innocent,
A Naturall, a *Iohn*-Indifferent :
Nay more, (to ſpeake comparatiuely ſportfull)
A *Iohn* in Porridge, neither good, nor hurtfull.

EPIGRAM. 87.

To George Chapman.

GEORGE, it is thy *Genius* innated,
Thou pick'ſt not flowers from anothers field,
Stolne *Similies* or *Sentences* tranſlated,
Nor ſeek'ſt, but what thine owne ſoile doth yield:
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and borne with thee what thou inditeſt,
And our Comedians thou out-ſtrippeſt quite,
And all the Hearers more then all delighteſt,
With vnaffected *Stile* and ſweeteſt *Straine*,
Thy in-ambitious Pen keeps on her pace,
And cometh near'ſt the ancient *Commicke* vaine,
Thou haſt beguilde vs all of that ſweet grace :

Run and a great Cast.

And were *Thalia* to be sold and bought,
No *Chapman* but thy selfe were to be sought.

EPIGRAM. 88.

In Milonem.

Here's *Milo* to be scene with a strange poofe,
Not such as in the *Stubble's* wont to lagge,
Nor such as *Tailers* in their trade doe vse,
His is more costly, well may *Milo* bragge:
Besides, it came from *Winchester*: O rare!
Far got, deare bought, but no good Lady ware.

EPIGRAM. 89.

In Hodge.

Hodge sees men shun him, & doth wonder why,
They know (qd. he) my breath wil not infect them;
Ineuer had the pox, nor plague yet, I;
These who so haue, men worthily reiect them:
Hodge, thou hast pouerty, a worse disease,
Then pox, or plague, or twenty worse then these.

EPIGRAM. 90.

In Lucam.

As Harts their horns, as Serpents cast their skins,
Lucy leaues his old faults, and a fresh begins.

EPIGRAM. 91.

In Elizabetham.

VE say th' *Iberians* *Belgia* do oppress,
But 'tis the *French*, if we be iudg'd by *Besse*:
Who knowes, where i'th low-countries (would she blab)
They made hot wars, and bred, and left a scab.

EPIGRAM. 92.

To Master W. Shakespeare.

Shakespeare, that nimble *Mercury* thy braine,
Lulls many hundred *Argu-eyes* asleepe,

Run and a great Cast.

So fit, for all thou fashionest thy vaine,
At th^e horse-foote fountaine thou hast drunk full deepe,
Vertues or vices theame to thee all one is:
Who loues chaste life, there's *Lucrece* for a Teacher:
Who list read lust there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
True modell of a most lasciuious leacher.
Besides in plaies thy wit windes like *Menander*:
When needy new-composers borrow more.
Thence *Terence* doth from *Plautus* or *Alexander*.
But to praise thee aright I want thy store:
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth vpraise,
And help t^e adorne thee with deserued Baies.

EPIGRAM. 93.

*To his worthy friend Maister Heywood, of his Gold
and Silver Age.*

SO wrote the ancient Poets heeretofore,
So hast thou liuely furnished the stage,
Both with the golden, and the siluer age,
Yet thou, as they, dost but discourse of store,
Silver and gold is common to your Poet,
To haue it, no; enough for him to know it.

EPIGRAM. 94.

TWo Gallants in a bawdy house once fought
Who first should be possessor of the prey,
The stronger man by force won what he sought,
Yet got he not the glory of the day:
For sure in my opinion I held,
The man that lost was he that wonne the field.

EPIGRAM. 95.

In Egyptum suspensum.

Charles th^e Egyptian, who by iugling could,
Make fast or loose, or whatsoever he would,

Run and a great Cast.

Surely it seem'd hee was not his crafts-maister
 Striving to loose, what struggling he made faster,
 The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
 Who kriet, what he could not vnknit againe.
 You Country-men *Egyptians* make such sots,
 Seeming to loose indissoluble knots;
 Had you beene there, and but to *see the Cast*,
 You should haue won had you but laid: 'Tis fast.

he *Egyptians*
 urse.

EPIGRAM. 96.

Of Tho. Nash.

Nash had *Lycambes* on earth liuing beene
 The time thou wast, his death had bin al one,
 Had he but mou'd thy tartest Muse to spleene,
 Vnto the forke he had as surely gone:

For why there liued not that man I thinke,
 Vile better, or more bitter gill in Inke.

*Ore Lycambinae, rabioso occiderit ambas
 & Achilochus. Quia patrem & filiam furce.*

Auson: *Carminibus adegit.*

EPIGRAM. 97.

*Ceneri Thomæ Baugh, qui dum ambit & amittit
 Rectoriâ, S. Sepulchr. moriens, ibi Sepul-
 chrum inuenit.*

Stellified *Baugh*, St. pulchers much mistooke
 That tooke thee not, as worthy as another,
 And knew'st as well to epe the seven-seal'd Booke,
 And bring them sweet Milk from the Church their Mother,
 But they reiected thee as *Derea Paul*,
 For which thy blessed soule shooke off her dust,
 And let her fraile corruption mongst them fall,
 And now thee sings and Saints it with the iust:
 Now heauen her to a happier place prefer'ih,
 Then to be Saint *Sepulchred* here on earth.

EPIGRAM.

Run and a great Cast

EPIGRAM. 98.

Alind.

TO loose by *Fortune*, and to win by *Fate*,
Such was the case of learned *Baugh* of late;
He sought *S. Pulchers*; where (though not his lot
To haue *S. Pulchers*) yet a graue he got.

EPIGRAM. 99. *Fata Epigrammatum*

I Wish not with ambitious desires
These lines eternity, no I do not,
Nor yet to liue the nine liues of a Cat:
For few and none but those blest heau'n inspires,
Are like to liue vnto another age;
Our former Writers, wee count barbarous,
Succeeding times may do as much for vs;
And then shal we be throwen off the Stage,
Yea eu'n the best; much lesse these idle toyes
May they hope life; but like th'abortiue birth
No sooner borne but dead, so this my mirth:
Or at the most some Tearme, or two, inioyes,
Epigram's like the stuffs your Gallants weare,
Hardly hold fashion aboue halfe a yeare.

EPIGRAM. 100. *Conclusio.*

Heywood wrote Epigrams, so did *Dauis*,
Reader thou doubtst, *vitam horum manis*,
But vnto mine whose vaine is no better
Thou wilt not subscribe, *Relegetur, ametur*:
Yet be it knowne though thou do not heed vs,
I am, *Mibi domi placens citharedus*,
Although in thy good will I should rather glory,
To haue thy good word *Suffragari labori*.
Thus carefull of loue, carelesse if thou hate vs,
I rest I protest, *in vitam paratus. Th. Fr.*

*Marual. Tercentena quidem poteris Epigrammata scrire
Sed quis te ferret perlegeretue, liber.*

E I A C I S

C 11870 X
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Thomas Freeman, a Gloucestershire man born,
 of the same Family with those of Batsford & Todenham
 near to Morfen in Marsh, became a Student in Magd.
Coll. Ox. 1607. aged 16 years, or thereabouts, and Bach.
 of Arts four years after. at length retiring to the
 Great City, and setting up for a poet, was shortly after
 held in Esteem by Sam. Daniel, ⁽¹⁾Gwen the Epigrammatist
Dr. Joh. Dowd, ⁽²⁾Shakespeare, ⁽³⁾George Chapman, ⁽⁴⁾Tho. Heywood
 the playmaker and others. To some of whose Judgments he
 submitted these his two Books of Epigrams following;

Rub and a great Cast. In 100 Epigrams. 1614. 2u.

Run and a great Cast. The second Bowl in an 100
 Epigrams — printed with the former Epigrams,
 and both dedicated to Thomas Lord Windsor, who
 seemed to patronize his Studies. The reason for
Rub and Run, he gives in these four Verses;
Sphera mihi, Calamus; mundi sunt crimina nodi,
Ipse sed est Mundus Sphaeromachia mihi.

Sive manere jubes, Lector, seu currere Spharam
Tusori pariter, curre maneq. placent. "

(Ados Athena. Ed. 1721. Vol. 1. Col. 397.)

(1) See Signat. I. 4. (2) See Signat. I. 4. b. (3) See Signat. K. 1. a.

(4) See Signat. K. 2. b. (5) See Signat. K. 2. (6) See Signat. K. 3.



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Perfect

*(some marginal notes attached
to end note)*

B. G. G. G.

J. S. Higginson

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